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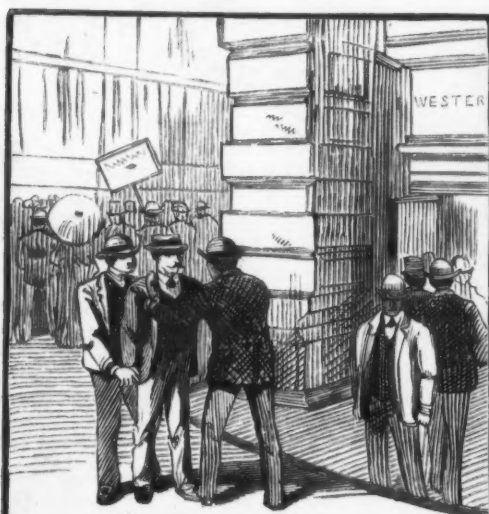


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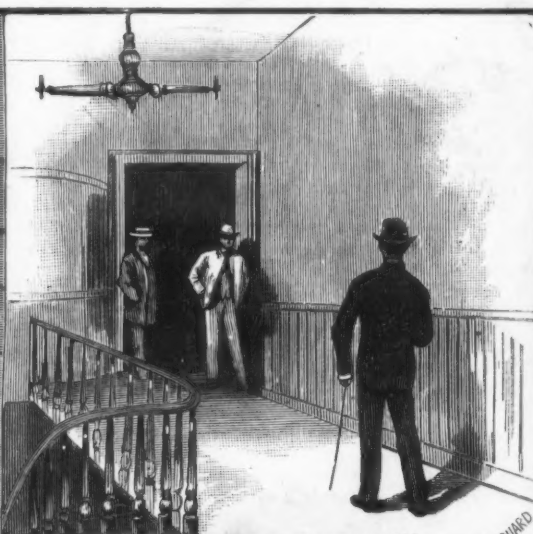
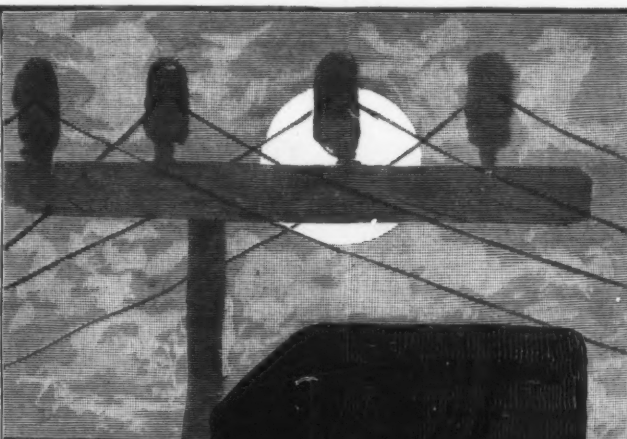
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CAPTURING AN OPERATOR



HEADQUARTERS OF THE BROTHERHOOD CLARENDON HALL
SENTINELS ON GUARD



NEW YORK CITY.—THE TELEGRAPHERS' STRIKE AND THE CUTTING OF THE WIRES—THE NIGHT PATROL WATCHING SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS.

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 6.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
65, 66 & 67 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
NEW YORK, AUGUST 25, 1883.

WHY HENRY GEORGE'S SQUIRREL WILL NOT FALL.

MR. HENRY GEORGE'S panacea for social poverty is thus stated by him in one of his recent articles in this paper:

"It is not necessary to the recognition of equal rights in the land that it should be cut up into little pieces and that each should have his lot. That would be impracticable. It is only necessary to take the ground rent—the annual value of the land irrespective of the improvements—for the common benefit. This could be done by the existing machinery of taxation. And in doing this we could abolish all other taxation and still have a great and steadily increasing surplus—a growing common fund in the benefits of which all might share," etc.

The remainder of Mr. George's thirteen articles were wadding. The above is all the ball there is in his gun. How much examination will it bear? What we call the value of the land is now measured by the difficulty of getting it. It has no other value than simply the cost we must pay for the privilege of appropriating it. But Mr. George's plan takes away the privilege of appropriating it—takes away the whole thing for which we pay, and our willingness to pay for which causes the idea of value to attach to the land. Hence it, by its very terms, destroys all land values, and yet in the same breath offers to support society out of the net income derivable from the interest on the values it destroys.

The lot on the corner of Broadway and Wall Street is to-day worth \$2,000,000. Why? Because the competition for its use for purposes of exchange is greater, perhaps, than for any other lot in America. Why? Because such is its location with reference to the society movement that, other things being equal, the same business men having the same capital could effect more exchanges on this lot than any other. Hence it is the only lot which men who have accumulated \$2,000,000 will pay that sum to appropriate.

This is the reason that it has a capitalized value of \$2,000,000, and its having this capitalized value is the reason why it will pay as a ground-rent the current rate of interest, say six per cent. on the \$2,000,000, or \$120,000 a year. That is, any person having \$2,000,000 to invest would as soon buy the lot and take the ground-rent, \$120,000 a year, as to invest the \$2,000,000 at current rates. Or, to put it in another way, any person paying this ground-rent of \$120,000 a year, and then putting improvements on the lot adapted to its highest uses for facilitating exchanges—i.e., to bankers, brokers, telegraph, railway and manufacturing companies' offices—would get back in return his ground-rent, current rates of interest on capital invested in the improvements, good wages for his own superintendence, and profits on his enterprise. In short, therefore, it is the fact that the lot can be appropriated that gives rise both to its capitalized value and to its ground-rent. If, therefore, you propose to tax the quality of appropriability out of existence, you thereby destroy the very value of which the ground-rent is the measure. In other words, you say to the man who is asked to invest \$2,000,000 in the lot, "Immediately after you have bought the lot the policy of a crank named George will take effect, whereby, as soon as you collect your \$120,000 ground-rent on this lot, you will be asked to pay it over to the Government for distribution among Henry George and his compeers, so that all who have now got nothing shall have enough."

Of course, the investor will say, "That being so, I will keep my \$2,000,000." Every other investor will say the same thing. Hence not a soul will pay a cent for the lot which but yesterday was worth \$2,000,000. Hence it will have no value. Hence it will have no ground-rent. Hence Mr. George's tax-collector would collect nothing. Hence there would be nothing to divide between Mr. George and his impetuous compeers. Hence his theory is a sham and a fraud on the simplicity of people who, like himself, have not a competent faculty of thinking—but who mistake a diarrhoea of thoughtlessness for a flow of ideas.

His whole scheme is of a piece with the Irishman's proposal to shoot a squirrel without putting anything but powder and wad into his gun. "Hold on, my friend," suggested a bystander, "don't you know your gun isn't loaded?" "Isn't which?" inquired Pat. "You can't kill your squirrel without putting a ball or shot into your gun. You've nothing but powder." "Whisht," replied Pat, "divil a bit does the squirrel know that same, and what do I want of a ball, when the fall will be sufficient to kill him?"

Mr. George's cartridge is nothing but powder and wad. If he wants to bring down his squirrel he must use ball. The theory that the fall will kill him won't do.

THE BUSINESS SITUATION.

THE late "furry" in Wall Street seems to have given rise to really groundless apprehensions in regard to the future course of trade and the financial condition of the commercial community. Wall Street, however, is very far from being the whole of the United States, and as to the heavy decline in stocks, any conservative critic of such matters knows that the quotations for inflated and dubious "securities" have been too high for some time past. Watering stocks is one of the great vices of modern finance; strictly speaking, it can, of course, give no additional value to the shares thus diluted. Moreover, the general public has been wise enough to eschew stock speculation to a great extent for many months past; the game is now between the powerful speculators and the gamblers of low degree, and can have properly very little influence on general trade.

There is undoubtedly just now a steady shrinkage of values in commerce; failures are only too frequent as a consequence. Embarrassments in the leather and iron trades, as well as bank failures at Indianapolis and St. Albans, unquestionably tend to create a certain anxiety, if not distrust, in the commercial world. But it is quite as true that many of the failures latterly reported were largely due to outside speculations, and not to any special depression in trade. The credit system, merchants themselves admit, has been carried too far in some branches of trade; the proportion of credit sales to the cash business being frequently seven to one. Merchants and bankers are now more cautious, as a rule, in making engagements; they are, in fact, scrutinizing credits very closely. They express the conviction that the recent failures, so far from having an absolutely injurious effect on commerce, are likely to have, on the contrary, a really salutary influence by reason of the greater caution, the more conservative and prudent methods of trade, which the business community will adopt.

The strike of the telegraphers has been a hindrance to trade, but the transactions are beginning to increase nevertheless, even if it be conceded that the volume is still of moderate proportions. The exports of grain are increasing, owing to the estimates of smaller crops in England and France; so are the export sales of cotton and petroleum. The total exports of general merchandise have, moreover, thus far reached \$210,277,000 against \$196,316,000 for a like period last year. The imports have thus far reached \$284,720,000 against \$313,156,000 during the same time in 1882. This shows that the evil of over-importations, which has had such an adverse effect in some branches of trade, especially the drygoods business, is being corrected.

The construction of railroads is also being reduced, and the excessive production of manufactures is not so noticeable now as it was last year and the year before.

Finally, the money market is easy, largely, it is true, because securities that would once have been accepted as sufficient collateral are now refused; but this fact of itself is properly a hopeful sign, and the abundance of funds is also due to the fact that the fall drain of money to move the crops has not yet begun. The crops will be sufficient, it is estimated, to give us a large surplus to sell to our foreign customers. The wheat yield will show a decrease, but there is a large surplus of last year's crop still on hand. The corn crop will be later than usual, but promises to be large.

AMERICAN FORESTS.

NOW that the State of New York is represented among the officers of the American Forestry Association, it is possible that a more active interest will be taken in the preservation both of the State and of the National forests. It is none too soon for the whole people to awake to the importance of the subject, and the Forestry Association has done a good thing in recommending to members of Congress from the various States that they use their influence towards establishing experimental forestry stations, and promoting forestry education. The Government has, up to this time, been singularly apathetic in the matter. Even Mexico may put us to the blush, for the Mexican Government has lately entered into a contract to have two million trees planted in the Valley of Mexico within five years, and has inaugurated a regular system of forestry education, including the translation from the German, annually, of a work on arboriculture.

With the example of Germany and France before us, and with the warning which the denuded mountain ranges of Italy hold out, our Government surely has no need to wait till taught by sad experience either the evil of a waste of timber or the right methods of preserving forests. In Germany the Oberforster is a Government official of high dignity, and every assistant has his title and his recognized social status. The German forests are kept in the last degree of perfection; planting and

telling go on according to a most exact system; the whole subject is one of constant investigation and study, the results of which are given to the world in works of acknowledged worth. The Government of France has reclaimed vast tracts of what was once only shifting sand, in the district of La Gironde, by planting them with the forest trees best suited to the soil and climate. Such a course of procedure would be of great benefit in various localities on our coast, where the sea is constantly encroaching on the land. To say that the land is largely owned by private individuals and is out of the power of Government, is only to urge more strongly the need of a wide dissemination of interest in, and knowledge of, the subject. There is no reason why we should not reap the advantage of the experience of France and Germany, not only in our legislative enactments but in our schools of forestry.

The State of New York is in a better condition to profit by the example of France and Germany than any other of our more thickly settled States. In them the greater part of the land has become private property, and the Government can act only indirectly in the matter of the preservation of forests. But New York has about six hundred thousand acres of land which may be devoted to arboriculture, and of which the greater part in the Adirondack region, being in an altitude too high for successful farming, can be more profitably devoted to forest culture than to any other purpose. Indeed, the destruction of any portion of the Adirondack forest is simply an act of vandalism. This vast tract might be made most valuable, not to the State alone, but to the nation. Here might be a school to which men could come from other States for practical instruction in arboriculture. The need of making such instruction general is far greater than it would be if the whole subject could be committed to the care of the General Government. The nation is in this matter very largely at the mercy of the people. The land has gone into private hands, and it is to the public spirit and the scientific intelligence of individuals that the country must look not only for the preservation, but the extension, of forests. The very fact pointed out by the Committee on Forestry Education of the recent congress, that the business openings for trained foresters were not sufficient to encourage the founding of separate schools of forestry, is a forcible reason why all who have an interest in the soil should have an opportunity to learn something of the subject. To every student in our agricultural colleges a forestry education should be offered, that an intelligent interest in the subject may be as widespread as possible. Here is the opportunity of New York State. Let her look to the preservation of her beautiful Adirondack forests, and at the same time to the education of her people on this subject. Let her establish an experiment station in the Adirondacks; let her move towards the endowment of a Chair of Forestry in Cornell, and inaugurate a regular system of forest protection, enacting well-defined laws as to the right of tree-cutting, and attending strictly to the proper planting and preservation of trees. The impulse thus given would be felt throughout the length and breadth of the land.

TENDENCY OF SCIENTIFIC INQUIRY.

THE controversy between the believers in special creations and those upholding the theory of evolution still continues to attract the attention of the thoughtful on both sides of the Atlantic. Though to a great extent a mere war of words, there is generally a residuum of truth to reward the patient gleaner in this field of speculation; and while much in the ultimate genesis and nature of man and his surroundings must remain in the present state of existence an inscrutable mystery, still the result of scientific inquiry may be such as to clearly establish the probability of one or another theory, and so minimize the mischiefs of mere speculative beliefs. With all his theistic concessions as to the origin of the first living germs, Darwin's theory of the descent of man (old as Lucretius, though recently revived in a new garb) will never be accepted by or attract the masses. It is not flattering to man's vanity to trace his descent through all the intermediate gradations, extending from an acedid of the Silurian period to a highly civilized Caucasian; and it is gratifying to know that the result of recent scientific investigation has been altogether unfavorable to the evolution hypothesis.

The Victoria Philosophical Institute, having in its membership many men eminent for scientific attainments, among others being well-known American scientists, met recently in London. From the report read by the honorary secretary, Captain F. Petrie, F.R.S.L., it appeared that, during the last session of the Institute, a careful analysis had been undertaken of the various theories of evolution by Professor Stokes, F.R.S., Sir T. R. B. Bennett, R.S., Professor Beale, F.R.S., and others,

and it was reported as the result of their investigations that, as yet, no scientific evidence had been discovered justifying the theory that man had been evolved from a lower order in animals. Professor Virchow has also declared that there was a complete absence of any fossil type of a lower stage in the development of man, and that any positive advance in the province of prehistoric anthropology has actually removed us further from proofs of such connection—namely, with the rest of the animal kingdom. Professor Barrande, the famous paleontologist, concurs in this opinion, and states that in none of his investigations had he found any one fossil species develop into another. So far the researches of scientists have discovered no connecting link between man and the ape, between fish and a frog, or between the vertebrate or invertebrate animals. Further, no evidence has been obtained that any species, fossil or other, has lost any of its characteristics and become merged into another distinct species. There is no proof of such a gradual transition, either in the case of extinct animals, or of those now existing.

Were abiogenesis probable it would give the theory of evolution a scientific value which it does not now possess; but even the most earnest advocates of the evolutionary hypothesis do not claim a spontaneous origin of life; both Huxley and Darwin admit that life is the cause of organization, not its result; so that the tracing of life through an infinite succession of changes and millions of varied types brings us no nearer the solution of the mystery of the origin of life than the supposition that all matter once existed in a diffused form does as to the origin of the universe. After all, the man of science, who relegates Revelation into the region of myths, must feel, with Herbert Spencer, "the utter incomprehensibility of the simplest fact, considered in itself; that absolute knowledge is impossible; that, under all things there lies an impenetrable mystery."

In the field of Biblical criticism several recent important discoveries have been made which tend to corroborate the truth of Revelation. Mr. Normand Rassum, engaged in Babylonian excavations, has discovered the site of Sepharvaim, one of the first cities mentioned in the Bible. This discovery is considered most important; and Professor Delitzsch, the German Biblical critic, and others, have aided in the consideration of the discoveries made by Mr. Rassum, as well as the inscriptions found by him in that region. Recent discoveries in Egypt are also considered confirmatory of the Sacred Record, especially that of the site of Succoth, which, like the results of the recent survey of Palestine, is considered highly favorable.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

A RIGOROUS press censorship at Madrid has rendered it difficult to discover exactly how much the recent insurrectionary movements in Spain amount to. A few more petty outbreaks have occurred, but the failure of the first movement appears to have put an effectual check upon the revolutionary disposition. The insurrection, indeed, has been given its chief importance by the evident alarm which it caused the Government. An attempt is now making to represent the movement as nothing more than the result of a scheme of French speculators, who are alleged to have raised 750,000 francs for the purpose of corrupting the army and bringing about a rising but this is the merest nonsense. The authorities are seeking to prevent a recurrence of the troubles by severely punishing the rebels, several of whom have already been executed.

The Irish question has again come to the front in Parliament. The Government having requested an appropriation for the payment of legal expenses incurred in the recent criminal prosecutions in Ireland, the Irish members bitterly opposed the measure. Mr. Harrington declared that one man was judicially murdered, despite the fact that evidence of his innocence was accessible to Earl Spencer, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Mr. Parnell repeated the charges of jury-packing in Ireland, and of the reckless desire of the Government to procure convictions at whatever cost. Two days later, during a debate on the vote for the expenses of the Land Commission, Mr. Parnell declared that, unless the deficiencies of the Land Act were speedily remedied, he would lead a deeper and more desperate agitation than any that had yet been witnessed. The Act, he said, had been applied with a slowness and inefficiency very different from the way in which the Coercion Act had been applied. A large meeting of delegates from three counties at Limerick has passed a resolution declaring that judicial rents are rack-rents, and that a couple of successive bad harvests must lead to a general strike against judicial rents. The House of Commons has passed to its second reading the Tramways (Ireland) Bill, which provides for a Government guarantee of £1,000,000 for opening up the western districts of Ireland by light steam tramways. The House has also agreed to the proposal that £100,000 of the Church surplus fund be applied to emigration purposes.

The elections for members of the Council-General in France have resulted in large gains for the Republicans, who now have a majority

in seventy-nine of the ninety districts. The Republican triumph was most notable in districts which have hitherto been the hotbeds of reaction including even Corsica and Morbihan.

Serious anti-Jewish riots have occurred at several places in Austria and Germany, the authorities being compelled to call out the troops in more than one case.—A two days' battle is reported in Zululand between the followers of Cetewayo and those of Uisibek, with great slaughter on both sides, ending in the defeat and flight of Uisibek.—Threatening troubles have occurred in various educational institutions in Russia, and arrests of students for disloyalty occur daily.—The French forces in Tonquin have made another sortie, and carried some earthworks, with heavy loss to the enemy.

A LONG contest over the capital of Georgia is finally ended by the passage of a Bill appropriating \$1,000,000 for the erection of a new State House at Atlanta. Milledgeville, which used to be the seat of Government before the war, has always clung to the hope of recovering the distinction which it lost in reconstruction days, and has hitherto been able to block any move for the building of a Capitol at Atlanta, but the present action of the Legislature effectually settles the question.

THE Hudson River Tunnel enterprise, of which little has recently been heard, is making steady progress, a grand total of 2,400 feet of tunnel having been already completed. This consists of 2,240 feet of the two tunnels on the New Jersey side and 170 feet of the single tunnel on the New York side. On the New Jersey side the north tunnel is completed for 1,600 feet and the south tunnel for 640 feet. It is believed that, unless unforeseen difficulties are encountered, the tunnel will be completed by the close of the year 1884.

THE growing prosperity of the South under the new regime is strikingly illustrated by a comparison of its products now with a generation ago. Thirty years since, when slavery was in full tide, the total value of the Southern crops of cotton, tobacco, rice, hay, hemp and sugarcane was \$138,605,723. The value of Southern farm products in the census year 1880 was \$760,000,000, or more than five times the former total. A full third of this was represented by cotton, which still retains its sceptre, and instead of sending all the raw material away for manufacture, the South in every year establishing cotton mills in large numbers. The future of that section never looked brighter, and the whole country rejoices with it over the prospect.

THE Straight-out Republicans of Virginia have held a State Convention and resolved to do their best to defeat Mahone and his Readjuster Party. They condemn the Administration for aiding Mahone in his repudiation policy, and declare that he has used the power thus given him for the persecution of lifelong Republicans, having been made virtually President of the United States for the State of Virginia. The platform also indorses James G. Blaine for the Presidency. A good many of the delegates were ex-officials, who are denounced as "soreheads," and it is doubtless true that personal feelings have quite as much to do with their attitude as loyalty to Republican principles. But Mahone has become so odious a boss that the country is ready to welcome any movement which looks to his overthrow.

WHEN the elevated railroads in New York city were built many people predicted the ruin of the street-car lines which ran under those structures. Experience, however, has shown that travel on these surface lines fully keeps pace with the growth of the population, despite the competition of the roads in the air. The Manhattan Elevated reports gross earnings of \$6,245,589 during the year ending with June, an increase of \$421,011 over the previous year, while the Third and Sixth Avenue surface roads, both of which run directly in competition with the elevated roads, show an increase, one of \$36,741, and the other of \$35,491. This is only another illustration of the truth that increased facilities of communication increase travel. It is remarkable that more railroad managers do not master this simple lesson, and swell their receipts by providing more trains and lower fares.

THE growing tendency to combination among workmen is one of the most notable signs of the times. It is a proper and reasonable movement, and wisely conducted it should accomplish much towards securing better relations between capital and labor. The Amalgamated Iron and Steel-workers set an excellent example to their brethren in other industries. They held a convention at Philadelphia last week, and by a unanimous vote declared against any disturbance of the present wages system. The present rates were adjusted by an amicable understanding between employers and men, and the convention held that the condition of business would not warrant a demand for more pay. Employers are too apt to overlook the vital considerations which govern the management of any industry, and strikes are not seldom ordered when employers welcome a cessation of operations that were scarcely remunerative before. It is encouraging to find the representatives of so large a body of wage-workers taking a broader view of the situation.

THE strike of the telegraph operators is practically over, and ends, as most strikes do, in a victory for the employers. It is remarkable how seldom strikes are successful. Statistics presented by one of the witnesses

before the Senate Committee of investigation, in this city, last week, show that, during the ten years from 1870 to 1880, there were 2,352 strikes among the various trades represented in Great Britain and the Continent, of which only 71 were successful, 189 were lost, 91 were compromised, and the remaining 2,001 were unaccounted for. The total amount of time lost to the workmen through strikes was 54,162 days, and the total amount of money lost to both employers and employees was estimated to be about \$22,434,750. Probably no body of strikers in this country ever secured more general public sympathy than the telegraphers, but sympathy counts for little in such a contest. The Western Union company, however, will make a great mistake if it does not temper its victory with justice, and concede of its own accord to its employees some of the proper claims which it refused to their demands. Nothing will do more to strengthen public sentiment in favor of a Government telegraph than a tyrannical policy on the part of this corporation.

EVEN in Wall Street, familiar as it is with questionable practices, integrity and square-dealing command a premium. In the "squeeze" of last week Mr. Edmund C. Stedman, the poet-banker, head of the firm of E. C. Stedman & Co., felt compelled, owing to unwarrantable speculations of the junior partner in which the securities of the firm had been impaired, to make an assignment. The moment the cause of the suspension became known, nearly everybody in the Street hastened to express their sympathy; tenders of financial aid, aggregating thousands of dollars, were made to the unfortunate broker, and had he chosen to do so he could have resumed business at once. Not knowing, however, the extent of the disaster which had overtaken the firm, he declined to continue on borrowed money, and set about investigating the complications in which he had become involved with a firm determination to pay his obligations, finally, dollar for dollar. Mr. Stedman has never lacked for friends and admirers; but he certainly numbers more of both in business circles to-day than ever before.

THE Massachusetts Republicans seem to have made up their minds to give General Butler a very different sort of fight in the next election from that in which they were so badly worsted last year. The "solid men" of the party have taken hold of matters and propose to direct the fight, instead of permitting the professional politicians to do so, and in Massachusetts this sort of a canvass always means a Republican victory. There can be no doubt that General Butler has lost a good deal of strength during the past year. Nearly every movement he has made has been a mistake. "He has," as one of his critics says, "outraged the common moralities of public life," and sought to propitiate the mob by methods which it is impossible to justify. As a result, he is absolutely detested by the conservative classes, has alienated many who were disposed to give him a chance to retrieve former mistakes, and has no hearty following anywhere except in the rumshops and among the less intelligent and more easily misguided workingmen. Who his antagonist will be in the coming contest is not yet determined, but whoever he may be will quite certainly represent the real character and tendencies of old Massachusetts.

THERE is a prospect that the Western Union Telegraph Company will soon have a vigorous rival in the field which it has so long occupied without any serious competition. The directors of the Postal Telegraph Company has recently been reinforced by the accession of prominent capitalists who propose to put into the enterprise all the capital it may need, and it is understood that the company, which now has but a single wire extending from New York to Chicago, will proceed at once to establish communication with every profitable point now reached by the Western Union. There is an urgent demand and ample room for an active and efficient competition in telegraphy, and the new company will be heartily welcomed by the public, especially as it is committed to a reduction of rates. There is, of course, no guarantee that it may not ultimately join hands with its rival in establishing uniform rates of service, and maintaining a double-headed monopoly; but there will in any event be a positive gain, for a time at least, in the existence of two strong lines instead of one, and in the end cheaper telegraphy under corporate or Government direction will be certain.

Few States have ever been cursed with so odious a political ring as that which has long ruled Maryland with an iron sway. The Democrats have controlled everything for so long a period that the party has grown corrupt, and abuses of every sort have thriven unchecked. Governor Hamilton, who was elected in 1879 on party promises of reform which were intended only for effect, has done his best to inaugurate a change, but the ring has been too powerful for him. The Governor, however, has proved his own fidelity by issuing an address to the people of the State which is startling in its indictment of Democratic rule. He convicts the party of flagrant violation of its promises to reduce expenditures, exposes gross extravagance in the public printing, lays bare the excessive cost of the Legislature, charges the loosest management upon tax-collection officers, among whom are delinquents owing the State \$772,738, and, in short, shows a condition of things which is simply scandalous. The Governor concludes by urging honest Democrats to seek to regain control, and in case they are defeated at the approaching convention, he advises an independent movement. The pronouncement has produced a great sensation, and it ought to bring about the needed revolution.

PROBLEMS OF THE TIME.

LAND REFORM AND HENRY GEORGE.

To the Editor of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER:

MR. GEORGE has concluded his fluent essays in your paper. His dash and brilliancy resemble a series of cavalry charges, but to about as little purpose for the relief of the people as the charge of the "six hundred" through the embrasures of Balaklava. It may well be asked, is not Henry George the Napoleon Bonaparte of Land Reform?

"The land of all nations and of all times belong to the people of all nations and of all times." He explodes and re-explodes this sublime truth with a voice that even the wilfully deaf must hear. Jefferson had voiced the same truth one hundred years before with singular conciseness. "The land belongs in usufruct to the living"—which comprises all land here and everywhere, and all peoples, down into the unfathomable future. But nobody heeded Jefferson's voice. One almost thinks that he—

"Back recollect he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made."

At any rate, he left the Great Truth lying by the wayside to perish by neglect—not perish, for, like all truths, it is immortal. Jackson practically recognized it in his Message of 1832. And in 1844-45 it arose and carried the Assembly of New York with it by a vote of 103 to 5 dissentients. The Lower House of Congress took it up in the same year by a majority of two to one, the divisor being Mason and Dixon's line—all North but one for it, all South but one against it. That one a Mr. Wright from the highlands of Georgia. This was the first premonition, if not a primitive cause, of the Civil War. The negro slave question and that war sank the principle out of sight for a time. But not wholly, for in the need of the war, to conciliate the Northern masses the "Homestead Law" was passed. An evanescent good, for in 1862 commenced the rail robberies that allowed, for the time being at least, the most eligible sites of the homesteads. I say "for the time being," for the time, I trust, is close at hand when the robbers will have to disgorge every acre.

And the great natural truth, where does it emerge again but three thousand miles away—in Ireland? It volleyed through the up and the down of the British Parliament. It thence echoed over Europe and across here and out to California, where it found a very loud and persistent echo in Henry George. "The land belongs to the people, as represented in the nation," says Mr. George. That runs one massive thread of gold through all the politico-economics he weaves around it. But how to nationalize it, how return it to the nation, to any nation and make it available to the people, puzzles him, as it will many.

He assumes that a land tax would be imposed to enure to the benefit of the people; that under it men could not afford to keep what they wouldn't have in actual use. But we find, and always have found, that the owner of one hundred acres always found means to "use" it, even when paying a rack-rent for it. The ground rent to be charged by the nation would, presumably, be less than the rack-rent as a general thing. If so, the large farms could only be equalized by special assessments or by arbitrarily cutting them down to a prescribed size, the difficulty of which Mr. George does not seem to at all realize—certainly he does not provide against it. But first, before we come to that difficulty, the land must be handed over to the supreme power of the nation. It is an easy matter to recognize the nation's right on paper—to realize it for the destitute people is quite another thing—a gordian knot to be cut only by the sword in Europe, and even here a gordian knot which would be found very difficult to unloose even where no sword may be necessary.

Here in the United States the work would be to make a three-fourths majority of the people agree to an Amendment of the Constitution, declaring void all present possessions or properties. In which of the States or Territories will we find or create a legislature to initiate this grand change? First, we have to win over one legislature, and then three-fourths of them all before the change could be presented to the people at large. Under a plan like that—and is there possible any other plan?—it would be an eternal day of truce and *statu quo* between the land monopolists, small and large, on the one side, and the disinherited "race," I might term it, on the other.

But there happens to be another path out of the difficulty. Mr. George has heard of it, and he speaks of it in this way: "It is not necessary to the recognition of the equal right in land that it should be cut up in little pieces, and that each should have his lot. That would be impracticable." Why, and how, it would be "impracticable" he does not think it necessary to explain to us. His word, we are to understand, is sufficient.

Now, a vague indefinite confusion of "little pieces" like that he presents might, and it might not, be impracticable. But such an indefinite picture has not been presented except by Mr. George himself. The plan proposed by the American Reformers took this very distinct shape. "Congress shall reserve the public lands for the free and exclusive use of actual settlers. It shall have them scientifically laid out in six-mile square townships and forty-acre farms—or less or more, if desirable. It shall have a village in or about the centre sufficiently large for a park, public buildings, manufacturing buildings, machinery, etc. And streets of houses and gardens for the general handicrafts, and operators in machine shops

(Concluded on page 11.)

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

GALVESTON, Tex., has been suffering severely from a long drought.

COAL-OIL in abundant quantity has been discovered in Colorado.

THE New York Republican State Convention will be held at Richfield Springs on September 14th.

DURING the past six months 160 persons were killed and 401 injured in the State of New York by railroad accidents.

EIGHT men, charged in Banks County, Ga., with Ku-Klux outrages upon colored people, have been held in the United States Court.

A ROMANTIC couple of Pennsylvania lovers were married last week in the ballroom of the Lury Cavern, in Virginia, in the presence of a few friends.

THE Georgia House has passed a Bill appropriating \$1,000,000 for the building of a new Capitol. It will take five or six years to complete the work.

THE Southern Exposition at Louisville is said to be second only to the Centennial Exposition, but the attendance is not up to the expectation of the managers.

AN Americanized Chinaman, named Frank Dunne, last week formally declared his intention in the Philadelphia courts of becoming a citizen of the United States.

THE proposition for a Convention to revise the State Constitution was voted down at the recent Kentucky election; the Bourbon districts going largely against it.

CONSIGNMENTS of woven wire spring beds and barbed wire made in Montreal, were shipped last week to New Zealand, being the first Canadian manufactures sent to the colony.

THE twelfth annual international cricket match between Canada and the United States, at Toronto, last week, was won by the Americans by one inning and forty-nine runs.

THE whaling-schooner *Era*, of New London, Conn., arrived at St. Johns, N. F., last week, after a voyage of twenty-three months, seventeen of which she was locked in an ice-pack.

THE wheat yield in California this year is estimated at 53,000,000 bushels, an increase of 14,000,000 bushels over last year, and the barley yield at 15,000,000 bushels, an increase of 2,500,000.

THE Republicans of Hamilton County, Ohio, including Cincinnati, have nominated ex-Congressman Thomas L. Young for Auditor, ex-Congressman Eggleston is nominated for the State Senate.

THE President and his party last week crossed the crest of the Rocky Mountains through Robert Lincoln Pass between the valleys of the Wind and Snake rivers. All the party were well, and enjoying life to the utmost.

THE thirty-second annual meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science was held in Minneapolis last week. Nearly one hundred prominent men of science were admitted to membership in the Association.

A CONVENTION of Straight-out Virginia Republicans, held last week, adopted a platform favoring a strict adherence to Republican principles and a protection tariff, and indorsing James G. Blaine for the Presidency. The convention was not largely attended.

THE Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel-workers, at its annual convention at Philadelphia last week, elected William Weihe as President for the ensuing year. The retiring President Jarrett was presented a solid silver tea service in recognition of his faithful services.

THE Michigan Prohibitory State Convention, held last week, voted to raise \$100,000 as a campaign fund, approved the platform of the National Convention at Chicago, and declared in favor of constitutional and statutory prohibition of the manufacture of liquor as a beverage.

THE town of Boscawen, New Hampshire, celebrated its sesqui-centennial on the 16th instant. An incident of the celebration was the presentation of a granite memorial to mark the site of the first church, which was erected in 1739, the gift of a prominent citizen of Boscawen.

THE strike of the telegraph operators ended on August 16th in a formal surrender, the Brotherhood of Telegraphers sending out notice that the movement was a failure and that all members were at liberty to return to work. The operators in Chicago and other Western cities were indignant, and declared that they would still keep up the fight.

THE semi-annual reports of the savings banks of this city show a large increase in resources, in the amounts due to depositors, and in the surplus. In twenty-four banks there are now nearly \$268,000,000 of assets, of which nearly \$232,000,000 is the property of 593,000 depositors. The increase in the assets during the last six months was, in round numbers, \$6,596,915, while the amount due depositors has increased about \$6,602,438.

Foreign.

THE House of Lords has rejected the Bill against pigeon-shooting by a vote of 39 to 17.

THE Electrical Exhibition at Vienna was formally opened on the 16th instant. There was a large attendance, and the exhibition is pronounced a great success.

THE threat that the United States would impose a retaliatory tariff on German goods has made an impression at Berlin.

REINFORCEMENTS have been sent to the French squadron in Tonquin. The admiral in command has begun operations against Haie, which will be completely invested.

At a banquet in Paris, last week, at which 1,200 persons were present, speeches were made in favor of Prince Victor, son of Prince Jerome Napoleon, as chief of the Bonapartists.

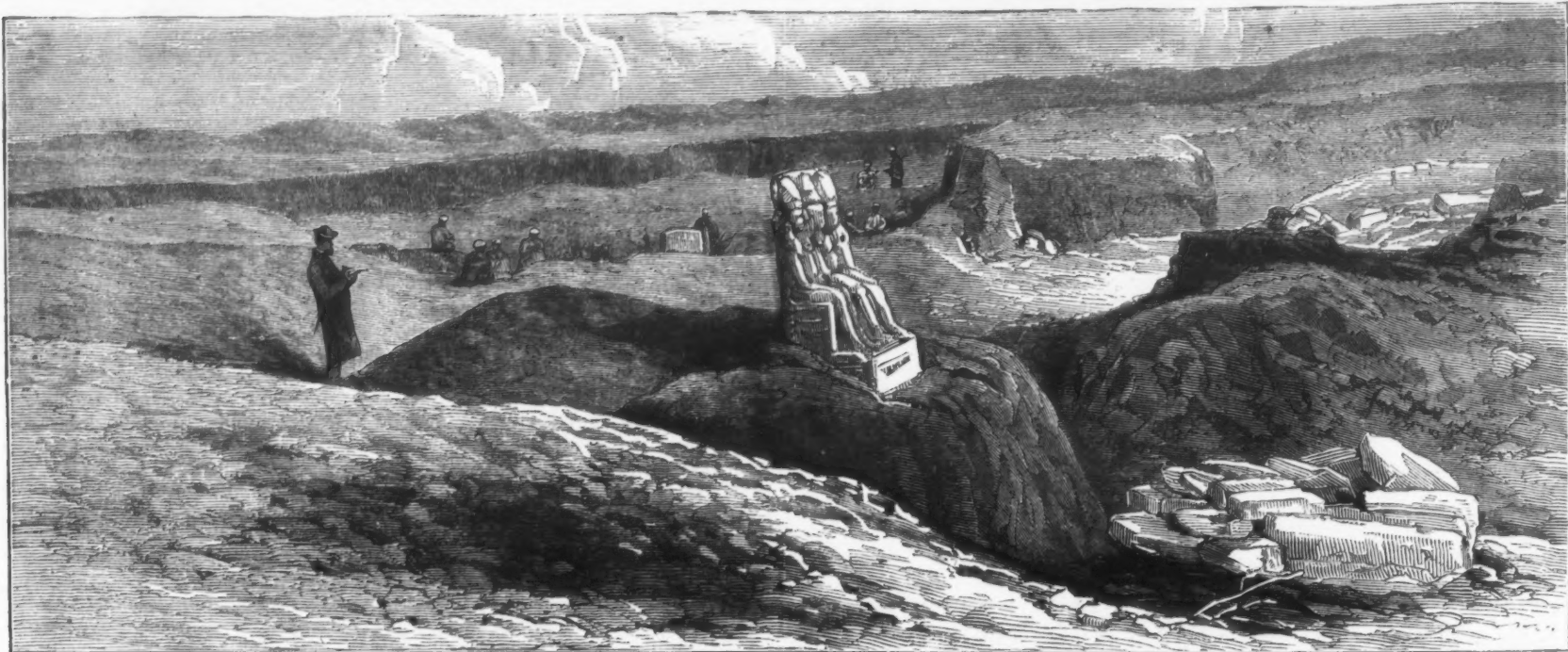
A SIAMESE Embassy has left Singapore for England and the United States, which includes two princes of the blood, three princesses, four attaches, and twenty-one attendants.

THE total number of immigrants who arrived in the Dominion of Canada during the present year, up to July 31st, was 121,019, an increase of 7,000 as compared with the corresponding period last year.

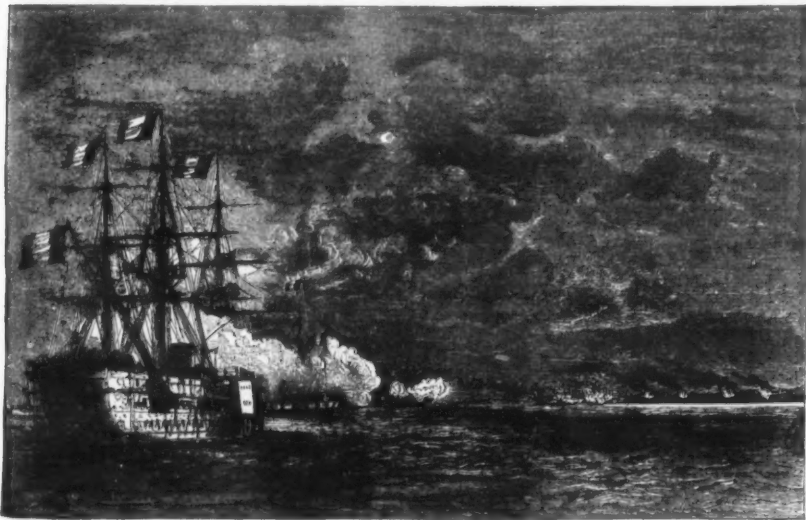
It is intended to organize a company in Dublin for the purpose of raising a fund to supplement the Government grant for migration in Ireland. A special appeal for subscriptions will be made to the Irish in America.

THE ravages of the cholera in Egypt are steadily declining, and the military cordons in some places have been removed. The total number of deaths thus far in cholera among the British troops in Egypt is 123.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 7.



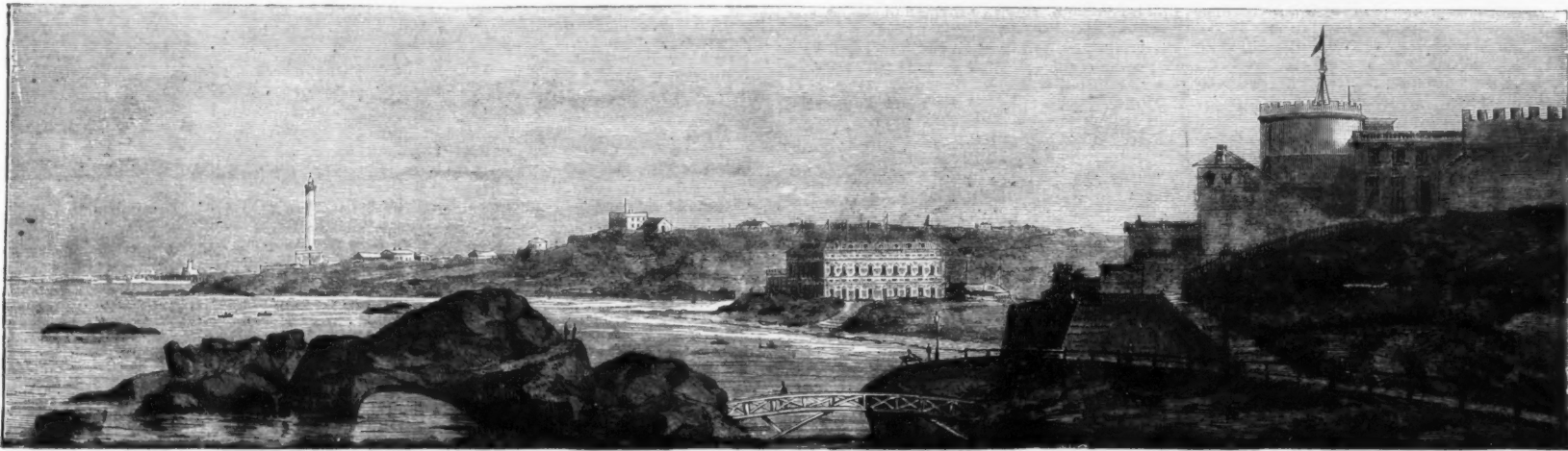
EGYPT.—THE BURIED "TREASURE CITY" AT TEL-EL-MASKHUTAH—EXCAVATIONS OF TEMPLE, WITH SCULPTURED GROUP OF RAMESES THE GREAT BETWEEN TWO DIVINITIES.



MADAGASCAR.—THE BOMBARDMENT OF TAMATAVE BY THE FRENCH FLEET.



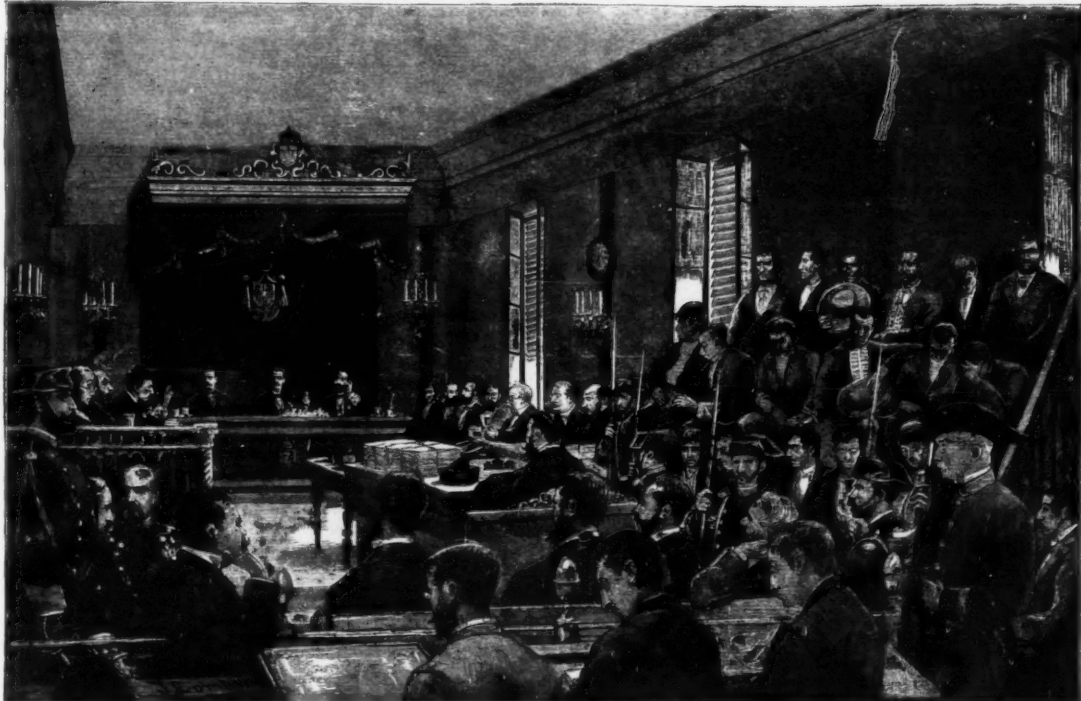
FRANCE.—THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD RECEIVES THE LAST SACRAMENTS.



FRANCE.—VIEW OF BIARRITZ, A FASHIONABLE WATERING-PLACE ON THE BAY OF BISCAY.



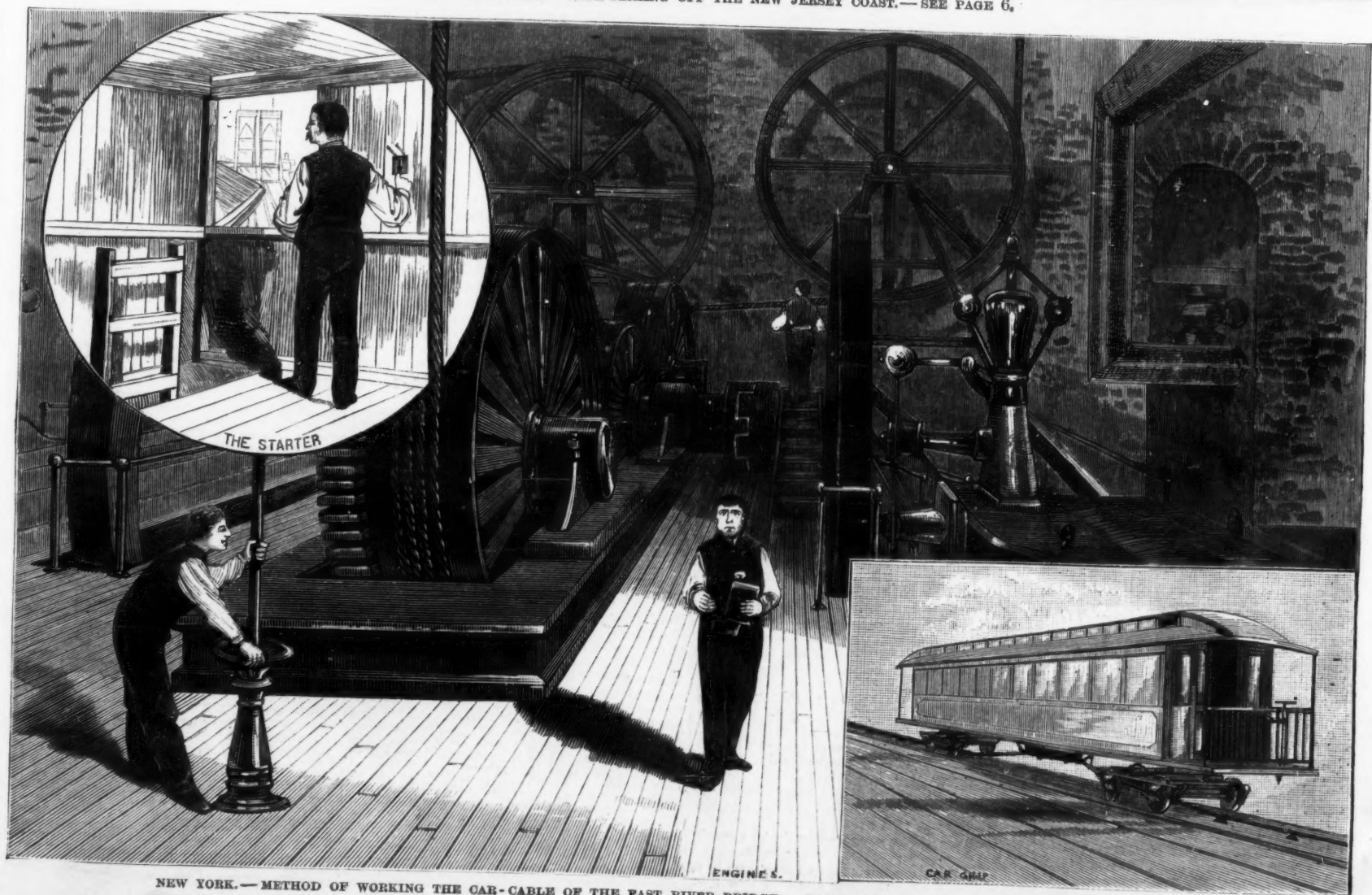
COSTA RICA.—GENERAL D. PROSPERO FERNANDEZ, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.



SPAIN.—THE TRIAL OF THE "BLACK HAND" ASSASSINS AT JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA.



SUMMER PLEASURES.—BLUE-FISHING OFF THE NEW JERSEY COAST.—SEE PAGE 6.



NEW YORK.—METHOD OF WORKING THE CAR-CABLE OF THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE.—FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 6.

BY THE SEA.

WE gazed into the world that lay
Beyond the golden verge of day—
A world of dreams from whose bright shore
The winds a whispered message bore.

The flowers around were wet with dew,
One star had kindled in the blue;
While at our feet the stream sang still
The music of the purple hill.

With rhythmic beat and rippled flow,
The bright waves smote the rocks below;
While circling 'mid the hazy blue,
With many a cry, the sea-birds flew.

The sense of perfect calm and rest
Fell with the glory of the West,
And Nature and our hearts in tune
Waited the rising of the moon.

For, oh! how sweet it was to stand
One moment on enchanted land;
To feel that life had perfect grown,
And all the present was our own.

A BROKEN CHORD.

"MY DEAR."—Two words on the otherwise blank sheet of paper the man by the desk looked down upon. Involuntarily he smiled; not that he suspected Richard Haines of tender intents, only it were not unreasonable it might be so.

Three words would have changed life materially that moment to the man beside the desk. But he could not dream of this; he only turned away forgetful to wonder where was Richard Haines. His business was of stocks, but he quite forgot stocks when Richard Haines appeared; something betwixt a laugh and a whistle moved his lips as he noted the quick ejaculation, the energy with which the suggestive paper was shut within the desk.

This was more than business of stocks, then, after all. Amid his surprise there flashed a sudden unexplainable curiosity as to that other word; he wished Richard Haines had written it. But a voice a bit impatient broke in upon his thoughts.

"I do not know as I shall ever rid myself of the bad habit of leaving things about; even unfinished letters lie loose for every one to see."

"In love for the first time, and in the first stages; that was evident," thought Hobart Cliff.

"A calamity in this case, Haines," he answered, gravely; "I think you are very much the man with the guilty conscience who needeth no accuser. And, now I look at you, you do not seem at all a man of stocks this morning; you look rather like a man in love."

"Do I?" A foolish little laugh broke on the other's lips. "Well, Cliff, I must confess I am—with the dearest, sweetest little girl in all the world. We are not yet quite engaged, but I am sure of her—that is everything, Cliff, you know."

"Yes." It was the one word he could utter, so precipitately Richard Haines went on:

"She has so many lovers, this little lady, and, oddly, I am the last of all. For I have only known her a few weeks; she chanced to me one day, and I fell in love with her at once. I would not have believed a man could be so foolish, but I guess it often happens so. By-the-way, how is the little girl up in Medway, Cliff?"

Hobart Cliff started at the question; the bantering smile left his face. He had, this brief moment, quite forgotten the girl in Medway; for the first time in weeks she, with attendant matters, had been clearly off his mind. To have her recalled in this sudden fashion, and all the rest brought back so plainly, was almost more than he could endure.

"Miss Burnaby is well, Haines."

Any other time Richard Haines would have stared at the testy answer; he was quite too absorbed now in his own ecstatic business; his lips moved for further confidences, but the other man grew suddenly impatient of his time. He hurried through his errand as best he could, and went back to his office—to drum idly on his desk and think of Hester Burnaby. He had thought of her to the detriment of all business, these few weeks past—alas! never once as should a lover, though always she was the girl he was engaged to marry—the woman who must be his wife. Suggestion had loomed but to be battled bravely, to be cast, ever with unstained honor, down. Always the inevitable had been Hester Burnaby.

Honor had served Hobart Cliff a lifetime, but honor strangely misbehaved to-day. Some impetus from that office-scene, he knew not what, opened his soul unto suggestion; for the first time he suffered it, for the first time permitted the sweet face of Hester Burnaby to fade beneath the light of one no fairer, yet, these latter days, a very heaven to him.

He thought it out that day. Honor barred, he could reason calmly; he did not love Hester Burnaby, he could never feel for her again what he had fancied once he did. Under these circumstances it would be—yes, it would be wrong to marry her; better an avowal even of faithlessness now, than the mockery of fulfillment unto her lifelong misery. This last was a false view of honor; she would be the last to crave such act of him. On this line he thought it out. It was strange how the illusion grew. What would have seemed to him in the morning most a crime unpardonable, grew at evening a very duty—to break his engagement with Hester Burnaby. With ready pen he did this—yea, with eloquence of words—but, for all, he hesitated as he signed his name; he had the strange feeling, that moment, a man might have who was signing his own death-warrant.

Hobart Cliff had been a faithful lover in honor's stiff requirements. He was Hester Burnaby's betrothed in the maddest strivings of his fresher passion; he had never once, of his own planning, sought the girl who had entranced him; he had even staid from places

where he knew that he would meet her; he had, at times, been honestly sorry that they met so much by chance.

He meant to be circumspect now; he would wait at least till he received back his ring and letters ere he went with his tender story to Elsie Cray. But the old tie loosened, the new passion arose in might; it was only the following evening that he took his way to the pretty up town cottage, with his whole soul upon his lips. So fond, so eager, with not even a thought now for Hester Burnaby.

"I am sure of her—that is everything, Cliff, you know."

He smiled as he recalled the words; he wondered if Richard Haines was really as sure of his little girl as he was of Elsie Cray. For he was sure of her! Jubilantly he remembered the many favors she had shown him, the shy but tender looks with which she had answered the at times uncontrollable passion of his look and act. His own—his own little Elsie! Ah, how his soul laughed as he drew near the house!

A pretty picture made Elsie Cray on the piazza that bright evening, looking up at the young moon with a light song on her lips. Was she thinking of him? He approached with step so hushed, so softly, she did not note his presence till he was most beside her.

"Elsie!"

She had turned, ere the little word, in quick surprise towards him. Most women would have lost self-possession before the soul within his face, but Elsie Cray was quite used to souls; she was a lady with many lovers, and with only a quiet smile she extended her hand to him.

"You find me dreaming like a schoolgirl, Mr. Cliff, but—I am pleased to see you."

He was not in the mood, one brief moment, for such words as these.

"Elsie!" The name had been a song; it broke now, a cry of mingled yearning and demand. "Elsie, you know why I have come. You do not know why I have staid away; there were reasons, and I will explain, I can explain, but—oh! not this precious moment; just this little moment open your dear lips and tell me that you love me. If only one little word, my darling? That were more to me even than tenderer things now, Elsie."

So quiet the ending, so assured. So eagerly, yet so patiently, he waited for her; he would not so much as touch her little hand, he thought, till she should bid him. He had been a mystery to Elsie Cray these weeks; he would have been a mystery to her now had she had space for thought, but she was quite too absorbed in the answer she should make him.

"I am very sorry to hear you talk this way," she said, after a little, quietly looking up at him. "You fancied that I liked you, and I did; had you spoken sooner"—she had a fashion of being complimentary at such times—"had you spoken sooner I do not say how things might have turned. But it is useless retrospecting now, for the simple reason that I am engaged to be married, Mr. Cliff."

"Engaged, Elsie?"

"Yes; to Mr. Richard Haines."

It was a hard night for two of them. For the man walking away that first moment, stupefied, from Elsie Cray, gradually to awake to the crushing realization that what had been life to him was but simple play to her. A heartless coquette, meaning to give herself to no man save such an one as Richard Haines—the rich stockbroker, whose wealth held rank in millions. This was Elsie Cray, the woman he had worshipped—the woman, despite himself, he worshiped still.

He had been wont, in little troubles, to turn to Hester Burnaby; her advice, her comfort in any perplexity had been eagerly sought by him. With strange forgetfulness his heart called out for her this hour; a wild cry rang out upon the night as suddenly he realized the gentle words that he had murdered, the faithful, fond caresses his own mad hand had made dead things for ever.

Strange, strange for all, that moment passion rested; life grew naught to him simply that Hester Burnaby had died. For she was dead—dead! This was the one thought of his weary brain as he walked along.

Hard for two of them. For the girl, sitting with the letter he had sent her, with pallid face and nervous fingers clutching it. She had loved him so; it seemed so hard, so very hard he should be false to her—his love, she had believed for eternity, to live only four little months. This was the simple ache of her heart that hour; all the pain her poor heart could grasp.

Over and over she had read the letter; she seemed strangely to cling to the cold, cruel missive his hand had written her.

"Would it be right for me to marry you with my heart bound up in another woman? Is it not better to be even what the world calls dishonorable than to deceive unto certain misery? I know you would not have it so, Hester; when you should—" Her eyes were wandering down the words again, but suddenly she paused; a point of argument rose up before her she was bound to reason out. A point of argument was much to her, that hour; she began eagerly to question this thing he had done to her.

What? Simply told the truth—the truth which he could not help, however hard it was for her to bear. This was all that he had done; he was right, he was noble; all that was honorable in man honored Hobart Cliff. For had he not done nobly by her? What mattered the hardness of the little present to the loveless marriage he had spared her, the years of misery? What—

"Bound up in another woman." The words flashed suddenly; she clasped her hands above the letter, and a smile played about her lips. She was recalling that day she told him that if only he were happy, she must be happy,

too; even should he come to love another, as long as he was satisfied, she must be happy.

She had meant it truly; it had been always her idea of love. And now the time had come; this very moment she saw him bending down to the girl he worshiped; she listed his tender kisses, the murmured rapture of his words. Her soul clasped its test; she looked, she listened, with the smile still on her lips.

But—so quickly the burden passed; ere the morrow she had drunk unto the dregs of bitterness. Each day harder, each day the emptiness of her life more insupportable. And, because emotion must have some exercise in her, she hardened towards the man she had loved so fondly, each day came nearer hating him. Hobart Cliff had grasped it; all that was sweet, womanly in Hester Burnaby his own mad hand had murdered.

Still, strive as she did, she could not forget those four little months. One evening there dawned on her the strange fancy that if she could fully realize his happiness she might be reconciled to this all. The fancy grew a fascinating desire to see him bending towards this Elsie Cray, to watch his dark eyes light and his strong, sure hand caress her; to see—how much fonder, tenderer it would be than it had been with her.

Why not? The letter had particularized; it was but a little distance to the city, and, once there, she might find a way. An hour later Hester Burnaby stood in the city's streets.

She had no plan, she only walked hurriedly on towards the pretty cottage, trusting to chance to help her. They might be on the porch this pleasant evening; it was growing dark, and they would not notice that a girl walked slowly—he would not, at least; he had been her lover, and she knew, she thought, with a bitter laugh.

Slowly she drew near the house. The porch was empty; she was passing disappointedly when, just within a window, she saw two sitting—a fair face turned towards her, one bending to toy with a little hand. It was harder than Hester Burnaby had thought; her heart beat loudly; with a little despairing cry she turned, when suddenly one looked up.

Ah! a cry still, but a cry of bewilderment and joy. Bewilderment admitting but the one fact that it was all a lie; strange as it was, a lie—for ever. Giddy with excitement, she hurried back again up the street; she did not note the tall figure turning the corner till it passed beside her; she looked up bewildered still. It was not strange-looking that the sweet face grew, that she gazed into that face with a tenderer passion than even her tender heart had known—not strange that maiden coyness banished.

"Hobart—dear Hobart, is it you?"

He stood staring at her; his brain was weary yet, and, at odd times, that strange fancy came back to him. But when she spoke a light crept into his face, revealing how his heart had turned back to her since that hard night.

"Hester, you speak to me that way! You are not angry with me for all that I have done? Ah, you pity me; some way you have heard the story of her coquettishness, how she led me on to worship her—you know it all, and—you are not angry? You understand that there is such a thing as enchantment, and that the man so fortunate as to break the spell may find his own true soul again? Hester, little one, I know I do not deserve it, but—you spoke those sweet words to me; you are going to forgive me—to be to me as in the old days—"

He paused abruptly, for the first time he realized her changing face. A moment she regarded him.

"That would be impossible," she answered, coldly; "it is a broken chord that may never resound again."

So she walked away from him. His eyes did not follow her; he only looked over where she had stood, with a faint smile on his lips. It had been but a vision—it was as he had fancied—Hester Burnaby was dead.

CUTTING THE TELEGRAPH WIRES.

THE most interesting development in the strike of the telegraph operators during the past week has been the cutting of many wires at night in this city and vicinity. The telegraph company charge that this was the work of the strikers, but the Brotherhood of Telegraphers indignantly repudiate the charge. The Brotherhood have denounced all acts of violence from the first, and as an organization must certainly be held free from responsibility. The Western Union Company last week made formal complaint to the Mayor, and appealed for the special protection of the police to prevent further cutting of wires. The authorities responded by giving instructions to the police force to exercise special caution. Special patrols were also organized by the company for the careful watching of the wires in all parts of the city, and especially at the points where they are "bunched." These patrols lie in wait on the roofs of buildings and along the streets, but their vigilance has not, so far, been rewarded by any arrests of importance.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE CABLE.

THE Brooklyn Bridge was opened two months ago, but there has been much delay about the inauguration of the system by which cars are to be run over it, owing to the novel machinery required. The cars are to be operated by an endless wire-rope of large proportions, which runs over sheaves laid along the road-bed. In the engine-room at Main Street, Brooklyn, large steam-engines tug away at the rope and whirl it around large drums, which communicate the power that keeps it in motion through its long journey. Near each end of the bridge on either track are seen the big wheels over which the rope runs. The cars are to be operated by means of a grip, which unites them with the wire-rope. Two pairs of grooved wheels are mounted horizontally so that the rope may run through them underneath the car, about five inches from the top of the pulleys or sheaves in the road-bed. When the car is in motion the rope will be constantly lifted by a fore-running wheel from the groove in the sheaves of the road-bed, and let down back to its place when the car has passed. The grip-

wheels are faced in their grooves with wood, so as not to injure the rope. They are set in a frame and are pressed against the cable by levers. The frame is connected with an ordinary break on the car-wheels at each end of the car. There is a very ingenious device by which the car-brakes are automatically detached when the grip has seized the rope. This is necessary to prevent injury to the rope by any carelessness of the brakeman in putting on the brakes while the grip has hold of the rope, thus compelling the rope to drag the car with its wheels locked.

The cars are to be pushed by motors from the depots towards the spot where the endless rope is running ready to drag them, which is a short distance from the starting-point of the cars on each side of the river. When the brakeman first puts on the grip the effect is simply to grasp the rope in the wooden-clad grooved wheels through which it runs. These wheels now revolve, but the car yet stands still. Gradually a shoe-brake pressing on the inside of the flanged rim of each grooved wheel is brought to bear, and thus the motion of the wheel is slowly arrested. As the motion slows, the cars begin to move, and when the wheels have ceased to revolve, owing to the continually increasing pressure of the shoe-brakes, the car will be moving at exactly the rate of the cable. The strain, it will be seen, must still be borne by the hold which the wood takes on the wire-cable, but this hold is taken in such a manner that the principal friction and wear falls on the shoe-brakes. When the brakeman wishes to stop the car he must first release the grip from the moving rope; next, before he can put on the brake, the machinery is so arranged that he must fix the grip so that it cannot be interfered with; then he can put on the car-brakes, which are much like the brakes used on street-cars.

Many ingenious appliances are employed to insure perfect safety, and much yet remains to be done before everything will be in complete running order.

FISHING OFF THE JERSEY COAST.

OUR picture of "Blue-fishing off the New Jersey Coast" will recall to many of our readers pleasant memories of days spent in this delightful recreation on the fishing grounds at Barnegat and elsewhere. In the season these grounds abound in this gamy fish, and parties made up of persons of both sexes throng the waters and engage in the exhilarating sport. At Long Branch, Monmouth Beach, Elberon, Asbury Park, and other fashionable resorts, one of the favorite summer recreations is that of visiting Barnegat or Berkley for a day's fishing, and while these excursions are sometimes luckless, those who participate in them always find in them a good deal of genuine pleasure. To the fishermen who supply our markets the present season has been a very successful one.

THE REGATTA AT WATKINS, N. Y.

THE regatta on Seneca Lake, at Watkins, N. Y., last week attracted much attention, because it was expected to bring Hanlan and Courtney together again. This expectation, however, was not realized, as Courtney rowed so leisurely through the first professional heat that he came in third, and so was debarred from entering later contests. Hanlan won the second professional trial heat easily over four competitors, and was prime favorite for the final race of the day, which was three miles with a turn. Hosmer, Rose and Lee were the other starters, but Lee soon dropped out. Hanlan had the race in his own hands, and played his little trick of almost stopping and dipping up water with his hand. He made the turn in 9:18, and the three miles in 21:09. Hosmer was half a boat's length behind him, and Rose half a boat's length behind Hosmer. The crowd cheered the Canadian repeatedly, and a shrill chorus of twenty-five whistles of steamers and tugs echoed the applause.

BEE-CULTURE.

BEE-CULTURE is one of the most interesting of agricultural industries. Not a few men in different parts of the country devote most of their time to the care of bees, while many a New England farmer keeps a few hives as an incident to his more important enterprise. The sketch on page 12 illustrates some phases of honey-making as practiced on a Connecticut farm—that of Mr. Jay Coveil, of Brookfield. Mr. Coveil has been engaged in this business for some eight years, and has now about one hundred hives. Bees have many peculiarities, and not the least is the fact that oftentimes they cannot be persuaded to settle on one farm, while they will swarm on a neighboring one apparently no more attractive. Some men, too, appear to possess a peculiar power over them and are always safe from their stings, while others seem without any reason to arouse their special fury.

A curious thing about bees is that each hive has its own range—that is to say, the bees of each hive when they first start out take a certain direction, and, thereafter, they follow the same direction whenever they sail forth. The division between drones and workers is familiar, and every body knows how the drones meet their death at the hands of the workers if they become too numerous. Bees are easily frightened. The smoke from a burning haystack will drive a whole colony into the hive, where they load themselves with honey and then fly away. Happily it is generally possible to recover the fugitives without great difficulty. A small boy beating a tin-pan causes the bees to fear that a thunder-storm is approaching, and they swarm on the first convenient branch, where they cling until the branch is sawn off and they are carried home, or they are sometimes knocked off into a box, in which they rest until, when darkness approaches, they are borne back without trouble to the hive.

The wax is prepared by the housewife in the kitchen, and the honey is extracted by means of an ingenious machine, which through a revolving drum detaches the honey from the comb. The bee is a born plunderer, and does not confine his voyages to flowers, a favorite trick being to steal flour whenever the opportunity arises and mix it with honey to feed the young.

Fortunately the bee usually has sufficient instinct to avoid plants which would prove injurious. In the South, however, grows a plant known as Darlingtania, which is fatal to the bee. Its sweet, though rather sickening, odor attracts the honey-seeker, but a viscid slime within holds it captive, while sharp hairs prick it to death.

A GREAT FIRE IN ATLANTA, GA.

THE Kimball House, at Atlanta, Ga., the largest hotel in the South, was destroyed by fire on the 12th instant, involving a loss of nearly \$1,000,000. Fortunately there was no loss of life. The fire originated at five o'clock in the morning in an extreme corner, and literally drove the people out, giving many of them time to save their furniture, while nearly all the occupants of the stores managed to remove almost their entire stock. The morning was calm and the high walls, which stood the heat wonderfully, prevented the spread of the flames to the buildings on the sides of the hotel. The manager and his clerks behaved with great coolness; they went all over the house, and, when a reply was not heard from a room, it was instantly burst open. It is doubtful if as large a hotel ever burned with such an absence of accident of every kind. The

Kimball House was very complete in its appointments, and its reputation among travelers stood very high. It is understood that it will be immediately rebuilt.

A SUMMER HOLIDAY.

III.

A BUNCH of loose leaves from my note-book dates variously from Brussels, Antwerp, The Hague and Strasburg. We took them on the American plan—in flying glimpses and yet stealing time enough for some delicious strolls of exploration through the quaint and older streets that have not yet been improved out of existence—streets which, in Antwerp especially, seemed to have preserved intact the very flavor of the Middle Ages. The "progressive" man and the sanitarian shudder at narrow, undrained "gassen," in which the sun never shines, where the bulging upper stories of the tall, dark old houses almost meet overhead; and foot passengers, unable to pass one another on the narrow, uneven sidewalks, pick their way habitually down the middle of the street. But how much he loses who cannot soar above drainage and modern improvements, and revel in a carved facade with ancient shields and mottoes above the wide, lozenge-paned windows, in red-tiled roofs and fantastic chimneys, and grinning dragon-headed gargoyles, leaning far out to watch the coming and going of life in the street below!

In Brussels—bright, quaint little miniature of Paris—there is less of this antique charm; yet there are walks in the "base-ville" and the network of old streets lying behind the glorious Hotel de Ville that may well rejoice the heart of an explorer—streets more fascinating than even the beautiful Bois, with its wild, green nooks and winding alleys and shady avenues where all Brussels goes to drive. We drove there, of course, through showers of rain that came and went; passing phlegmatic peasants stalking out to the suburbs, in blue blouses and huge, clattering sabots, and some brown, barefooted friars—three together, so that two might have no chance of whispering secrets—and numberless fresh-faced girls, in light white caps and blue gowns, down on all fours in the wet roads, hard at work cutting out the grass and weeds that grow in the cracks of the Belgian pavement. Here, too, in the suburbs of the city and along the twelve-mile road to Waterloo are met the peasant women, with little carts of vegetables drawn by shaggy dogs in harness—literal "dog-carts"—which in Antwerp seem to be the recognized vehicles for street traffic, and there pervaded all the highways and byways. For in Antwerp all the quaint, picturesque old traits and customs and dresses, which fashion and progress are fast putting down in Brussels, seem to keep root still, and the stolid, tranquil burghers are content to do as their fathers did—for which let all good travelers render them hearty thanks!

We walked those streets of Antwerp until our feet positively refused to bear us—grudging a single minute indoors, when all those treasures of old churches and "crow-footed" gables and many-storied dark-gray house-fronts, and queer, dark winding "gassen" waited for us and lured us without. F—and I, in quest of certain pairs of sabots, which we were bent on carrying home, came upon wonders in the way of ancient streets, and, unawares, picked out half the lions of the town. Shall I ever forget that "Street of the Steen," stumbled into while hunting up a certain "Rue de Vache," which like a mirage in the desert eluded us for ever. It was a dark, narrow, curving street, with an odor of age in its stones—a street full of little corner shrines, stuck up on the angles of tall houses, with the Mother and Child under odd carved canopies, and iron-framed lanterns hung below; with one tall crucifix planted by the narrow sidewalk, standing there among the old houses, as if he who hung thereon would say for ever: "Is it nothing to you, all ye who pass by? Behold and see if any sorrow is like unto My sorrow!" Then the street went curving under a heavy old stone archway, with an empty space where once another shrine had been; and beyond it rose some round turrets and bits of steep-tiled roof that belonged to the old "steen"—in the seventh century a feudal castle, under the Spanish rule a prison of the Inquisition, and now a museum of antiquities, which, for half a franc, is open to the inquiring public. Here you may revel in old oak-paneled rooms, crammed full of the cast-off trumpery of Time; pottery, silver, jeweled shrines, illuminated breviaries and Gospels, keys, lanterns, tapestry, beds, carved chests, chairs to drive a collector of furniture frantic—heaven knows what not of such priceless treasures; and then you may follow a courteous French guide, with brass candlestick in his hand—yourself being similarly provided—and down a steep, lightless, airless black stone stair, whose walls, dripping with dampness, close upon you like the walls of a coffin, you pick your shuddering way into the dungeons of the Inquisition.

Under them rolls the river Scheldt, and right at the foot of that awful stairway is a stone slab, with an iron ring, raised sometimes in the olden time when a prisoner came down alone. Then he would feel his way along the wet walls, step by step, in the blind darkness—step by step until the last step, and then—if there rose a cry there was none to hear it. The Scheldt is deep and swift, and—"the rest is silence." But one cannot pass that last stair now without a chill as of death clutching at the heart; the black, breathless stillness seems to hold in it all the horror that rang in the last cries of those nameless murdered men.

It is good to come up into the light of day again, to pass through the clattering fish-market, and see the noisy, chattering women in their long-lapelled lace caps and big cloth cloaks, and to hear the click-clack of the sabots on the stones. The milk-women, with their little dog-carts, do a thriving trade in these old streets and along the quays, and the sunlight flashes dazlingly on their tall, bulging brass caldrons, polished like gold, and bedded in wisps of hay. Children trot and sprawl about everywhere—fat, scold children, with bare legs planted in their big, unpainted sabots, even toddling infants having their tender toes immured in these receptacles. After long searchings, and weary and patient struggles with the languages—neither French nor German—coming "trippingly on the tongues" of the inhabitants of this quarter, F—and I succeeded in finding a shop where wooden shoes are sold, and where two dumpy little pairs *far cinem drei-jährigen kind*, as I laboriously explain, are dressed out of a pile for us. There are not only shoes for sale in this shop, but olefin jackets and trousers, tarpaulins, dried fish, cheeses, butter, and all sorts of ships' stores; a little Madonna high up on a shelf in a corner, with a glass and some withered flowers before her, and the whole place full of a tarry and fishy smell, more powerful than pleasant. Nor are we the only customers, for a big boy comes in to buy five large rolls, which the shop's mistress splits and butters for him, and, furthermore, spreads with a black, sticky-looking paste, scooped out of a great earthen jar.

From Antwerp to Holland is an easy transition, and over the low, green fields, and among the sluggish canals, and the black-and-white grazing cattle, and the forests of lazily-whirling windmills, we hurry to reach The Hague at nightfall. The "Vieux Doelen," in its wide, open square, paved with the tiny Dutch bricks, receives us with a blaze of gaslight and a burst of hospitality; in little more than an hour we are so fast asleep in the little box-like Dutch beds, that nothing wakens us short of the violent discharge of a stream of water on our bedroom-windows at dawn—this flood proceeding from a hose in the hands of a wooden-shod maid. The Hague by daylight is a trim, quaint, clean little town, all low, square houses of dark-red brick

with green blinds, such as we have not seen out of America. There is an odd look of old New York in some of the streets, when—as is not often—one loses sight of the dark narrow canals flowing sluggishly between their embankments all green with slimy weed. On one side of these long canals is a brick-paved road, a row of shade trees, and the neat dark red-fronted houses; on the other, the backs of houses that face the next street, with little bits of gay gardens ablaze with flowers, running to the canal's edge, where heavy, broad-bottomed boats are passing lazily along, towed by boys who clatter over the bricks with the hugest and clumsiest of wooden shoes. Bricks are everywhere; not a blade of grass can struggle through; the very trees, planted in long stiff rows, seem to grow out of bricks instead of earth. In the older parts of the town and round the market-places, the houses have queer little low gables, but everything is low and broad and square, with no more high-peaked roofs and myriad-storied fronts, such as we left behind in Antwerp. The women who clatter up and down these old canal-bordered streets are a thick-set, sturdy race, in short-skirted, thick-plaited gowns, with a great deal of black sticking above their sabots, and on their heads little tight lace caps, under which is seen the broad silver headpiece that crosses the back of the head and fits in broad oval plates, like the bowl of a spoon, just above the ear; being finished handsomely with little spiral golden horns, which project a finger's length and threaten the eyes of whoever approaches too near. Young men in Holland may not steal kisses with impunity from reluctant peasant maidens; one butt of the head, and the fair one can be free.

Time falls me to talk of the old market-places, of the newer streets, where the canals—green with weeds, like floors of solid malachite—are dotted with villas on little islets, and pleasure-gardens and lawns; of the royal palace in the heart of the town, all red bricks without, and within, all shining white paint and white marble—a palace which appeared to my imaginative senses to smell of soap and water; of the Queen's Summer Palace, the "House in the Woods," with its bricked court and gay flower-gardens, its frescoes and gilding, and marble and paintings—and more soapy-and-waterly aromas; of the museum, and the yards of Dutch and Flemish masters—Paul Potter's bull, coveted by Napoleon I.; Rembrandts, flashing in their wonderful lights and shadows; and Holbeins that made me break the tenth commandment; even Scheveningen—the Manhattan or Long Beach of The Hague, so to speak—must have but a word. Delicious is that glimpse of Scheveningen in our memories! Not a whole day's study, as we longed for, but an hour's peep "between the lights," with sunset and moonrise meeting over the gray sands and the long gray waste of the North Sea.

The street-cars run to Scheveningen, a single track of, I believe, four miles' stretch, under an avenue of dark, overarching trees, with a narrow, bricked cart-track running beside the rails, and glimpses here and there of little tea-gardens behind tall iron fences, pleasure-houses and villas. The road is straight as a die, and the thick trees arch evenly, drawing together like a funnel to one small focus of light, as you look ahead down the long perspective. The sun can rarely shine on it; the tree trunks are all bright green with powdery moss, and the bricks would be green also but that, no doubt, they are scrubbed and scraped religiously at stated intervals. It is only a wonder to me that no one skims the canals of their green slime, as a farmer's wife skims her milk-pans.

Scheveningen itself is the tiniest of old fishing hamlets, set down right among the shifting sand dunes over the edge of the German ocean. Hither Mr. Samuel Pepys came, with the English fleet, in the year of our Lord 1666, to fetch his gracious Majesty Charles II. back to a rejoicing people. Mr. Pepys found The Hague to be "a most neat place in every respect," as have we—"a most sweet town, with bridges and a river in every street." Of "Scheveling," as he chooses to call it, he notes little; but I can fancy that the tiny, low brick hut that face on its single street were much the same then as now, and that the dark-browed Charles, pacing uneasily through it, saw the same lines of gray sand-hills and the same horizon bounding his vision when he looked towards England and dreamed of Whitehall. Only there are ugly little new villas springing up like fungi out of the sand, and a long hotel on the sandy cliff facing the sea, also a bricked esplanade, where a band plays and crowds of people promenade, and a quaint little arcade of bazaars where everything under heaven in the shape of toys, *bijouerie* and *bric-a-brac* to tempt travelers, is sold at fabulous prices. Below all this stretches the wide, gray sand beach and the sea. There are rows of big wicker chairs with huge hoods, to be hired by the hour; there are donkeys, small and stout and furry-looking, driven by small, stout, white-headed Dutch boys; there are Scheveningen fishermen in the shortest and widest of black woolen skirts and the hugest of sabots, their heavy raincoats in silver plates and golden horns, selling shells and seaweed and wooden shoes for *soeniers*. On one side rises the steep sand cliff and the esplanade, where the band is playing, and the hotel in the twilight looks like an enchanted castle with windows of golden fire, and little towers and gables and turrets cutting dark on the pale amber sky; on the other lies the wide, wild desolation of the gray sea, with its line of cold, white surf along the sand, and the moon hanging above it, a great disk of dull-gold in a starless heaven. And, when I think of Scheveningen, it is always that picture—the yellow moon over the German Ocean, and the roar of the sea drowned in a wild storm of rain.

We looked anxiously for storks in Holland, but never a stork saw we till we reached Strasburg. That, I believe, is their acknowledged headquarters—at least travelers always mention storks and Strasburg together—and, therefore, our first thought in awaking in that ancient city was of those birds, whom we fully expected to see standing in rows along the eaves, in their traditional attitude of contemplation. It was not until we had prowled for a whole morning, however, among a labyrinth of old streets and stared perseveringly up at wildernesses of old roofs, sloping back with row after row of little dormer windows set in the red tiles, that we discovered one of these honored citizens. He stood erect on one leg with an air of immovable dignity that excelled all my expectations; and, though we stood and stared for many minutes with our heads in the air, and finally left the spot with backward glances and lingering steps, not a feather of him was seen to stir. He was like a bird of stone; the image of some household deity, mounting guard among the tiles and gables. The tall chimneys of the town are crowded in every direction with their nests, the fowls being protected with a little roof, on which is fixed a cartwheel as a foundation for the builders. There the feathered family keeps house season after season, and the human family below regards them with scrupulous respect. Every child believes, and will assert, that the stork parents pay rent for three years; the first year with a feather, the second with an egg, and the third with an infant stork; and, having thus purchased a right to the premises, they build on no other chimney henceforth; not even the bombardment of the city, it is said, could drive a single stork from his accustomed perch. The red-tiled roofs fascinated us everywhere, but here, with the addition of these white-feathered sentries, they were entrancing.

Nor were the streets less delightful, with those queer, old, many-windowed houses, with their irregular projections jutting out, the odd bits of balconies, the toothed gables, and the old carvings clinging to cornices and lintels; with the women in their tight black skullcaps and huge black Alsatian bows, flapping like the wings of a monstrous dragon-fly, and the eternally recurring files of Prussian soldiers, helmeted gorgeously, with marvelously tight blue legs, marching all as one man, and glancing right and left with twinkling blue eyes that knew how to give side-glances on occasion required. Barracks and fortifications

everywhere remind the Alsations of the defeat, and the Prussian helmets gleam up and down every street and square. The bugle calls ring out morning and evening through the old town, and the tramp of marching feet mingles with the "Wacht am Rhein," and the "Deutsche Vaterland." Our last glimpse of Strasburg had a strolling Prussian sentry in the foreground, and the Prussian bugles sounded our farewells.

G. A. DAVIS.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Buried "Treasure City" of Pharaoh.

The excavations made under the auspices of the "Egypt Exploration Fund" at Tel-el-Maskhuta, on the Freshwater Canal, not far from Ismailia, have resulted in discoveries of exceptional interest and importance. The mounds of earth at this point were known to cover some ancient city, for some sphinxes and statues had already been found, but the speculations of archaeologists differed as to what city it could be. Six weeks of steady digging under the direction of M. Naville, the distinguished Swiss Egyptologist, showed that all the speculations had been more or less inaccurate. The city under the mounds proved to be none other than Pitihom, the "store" or "treasure city" which the children of Israel "built for Pharaoh" (Exod. i. 11). Its character as a store-place or granary is seen in its construction; for the greater part of the area is covered with strongly-built chambers, without doors, suitable for the storing of grain, which would be introduced through trap-doors in the floor above, of which the ends of the beams are still visible. These curious chambers, unique in their appearance, are constructed of large, well-made bricks, sometimes mixed with straw, sometimes without it, dried in the sun, and laid with mortar, with great regularity and precision. The walls are ten feet thick, and the thickness of the inclosing wall which runs round the whole city is more than twenty feet. In one corner was the temple, dedicated to the god Tum, and hence called *Petum* or *Pithom*, the "Abode of Tum." Only a few statues, groups and tablets (some of which have been presented to the British Museum) remained to testify to its name and purpose; the temple itself was finally destroyed when the Romans turned Pitihom into a camp, as is shown by the position of the limestone fragments and of the Roman bricks. The statues, however, and especially a large stele, are extremely valuable, since they tell the history of the city during eighteen centuries. From a study of these monuments, M. Naville has learned that Pitihom was its sacred and Thakut (Succoth) its civil name; that it was founded by Rameses II. restored by Shishak and others of the twenty-second dynasty; was an important place under the Ptolemies; who set up a great stele to commemorate the founding of the city of Arsinoe in the neighborhood; was called Hero, or Heroopolis by the Greeks (a name derived from the hieroglyphic *ara*, meaning a "store-house"), and Ero Castra by the Romans, who occupied it at all events as late as A. D. 306. Indications are also found of the position of Pihahiroth, where the Israelites encamped before the passage of the "Reedy Sea" and of Clysma. All these data are directly contradictory to preconceived theories of Pitihom, Succoth, Heroopolis, Pihahiroth and Clysma had all been hypothetically placed in totally different positions. It is now certain that the Israelites passed along the valley of the Freshwater Canal and not near the Mediterranean and Lake Serbonis. The first definite geological fact in connection with the sojourn in the Land of Egypt has been established by the excavations at Pitihom. The historical identification of Rameses II. with Pharaoh the oppressor also results from the monumental evidence. One short exploration has upset a hundred theories and furnished a wonderful illustration of the historical character of the Book of Exodus. Our illustration depicts the temple and the excavations; the sculptured group of Rameses the Great seated between divinities is one of a pair that adorned the entrance; its companion and the sphinxes that guarded the pylon are at Ismailia. Beyond this group, and a little to the left, is seen the great Stele of Pitihom, set up by Ptolemy Philadelphus and Arsinoe, and containing a mass of important information in its long hieroglyphic inscriptions. Behind this, and on either side, the massive brick walls of the store-chambers and the inclosing wall of the temple can be traced; while on the right hand, in the middle distance, is a heap of limestone blocks, already collected by Rameses II. for the completion or enlargement of the temple.

The Bombardment of Tamatave.

The difficulty between France and Madagascar came to a climax on the 2d of June, when Admiral Pierre sent to Ranavalona Manyaka, Queen of Madagascar, an ultimatum demanding the recognition of the rights of France on the west coast of Madagascar, an indemnity of \$400,000 and the temporary occupation of Tamatave by French troops. If no answer, or a negative one, was received by the Saturday following, the town of Tamatave was to be bombarded. At the same time Europeans were notified to seek refuge on the vessels in the harbor. On Saturday evening the Queen's reply was handed to the French commissary by the Hova Governor of the town. It was a refusal, couched in no very respectful terms. At a quarter to seven the next morning the ships opened fire, and at eight their missiles riddled the fort and camp of the Hovas, which made no reply beyond three feeble discharges of their cannon. The next morning 750 soldiers and marines under Captain Hernandez landed, and, under cover of the guns of the ships, moved on the fort, which was occupied without a blow; the Hovas had fled. Tamatave was in the hands of the French.

The Count de Chambord.

An incident of the prolonged illness of the Count de Chambord is illustrated on page 4. Anticipating death, he summoned the members of his personal staff and household *attache*, and in their presence received the last sacraments of the Church—the scene being one of great solemnity and interest. The faithful *attaches* and friends of the Count were profoundly impressed, some of them shedding tears of sympathy and regret.

Blarritz.

Blarritz, a charming seaside town in Southern France, near the Spanish frontier, has long been a favorite resort to natives of the peninsula. It was thus known to the Empress Eugenie, and from her early years was a favorite spot. During her reign, when beauty and fashion held such imperial sway, it was the watering-place of the French court. Here rose a Summer palace, and Napoleon, yielding to the wishes of the Empress, erected in 1854 the Villa Eugenie, which can be seen in the centre of the picture, but which now bears the name of *Palais Biarritz*. It is so near the sea that at high tides the spray dashes up to the walls. Of course villas and chalets rose as if by magic around the palace of royalty. The beach forms an arc from Cape St. Martin, seen on the left of the picture, with its lighthouse to the *Côte des Basques* on the right. The surrounding district is romantic. There is a surrounding rock reached by a bridge; the Atalaya, a promontory with its ruined castle; the old and new harbors; the Chamber of Love, a grotto where, as tradition says, two lovers were drowned by a sudden rise of the sea.

General Prospero Fernandez, President of Costa Rica.

The administration of General Fernandez as President of the Republic of Costa Rica began August 10th, 1882, with a general amnesty for all political prisoners and exiles. He has introduced many reforms, so that order and prosperity have prevailed. He was born at San José, the capital of the republic, July 18th, 1834, his parents, Don

Manuel Fernandez and Sa. Dolores de Oreamundo belonging to distinguished families which have, during the last seventy years, given many who held prominent positions, Francisco Maria Oreamundo and Manuel Fernandez having been Presidents of Costa Rica. Prospero was educated at the University of Guatemala, and in 1854 entered the army as sub-lieutenant. He served in the campaigns against Walker, notably at the battles of Santa Rosa, Rivas and San Jacinto, and in the capture of the steamer in 1857. He rose rapidly to the rank of colonel, brigadier, and general of division. For several years he commanded the province of Alajuela, and in 1881 was elected President.

The Black Conspirators.

The strange communist society known as the Black Hand inspired no little terror. Like most secret societies, it soon resorted to assassination. One of the victims was Bartholomew Gago Campos, who was assassinated by order of the society for refusing to obey their orders. The murderers were of his own class, and the one who fired the fatal shot was his own cousin, Juan Ruiz, the secretary of the society, a man of more education than the most of them, wrote the sentence, which Roque Garcia carried to the mill at Parrilla and delivered to Bartholomew Gago. Not only did he accept the task but Cristobal Torrejon and Manuel Gago also discharged their pieces at the unfortunate man, and José Ortega stabbed him with his *puñal*. The whole band were discovered and brought to trial, and our picture shows the passing of the sentence in the court after the trial. The president and vice-president of the band, as well as those who actually took part in the murder, were condemned to death, the rest to long terms of imprisonment.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

FERDINAND WACHTEL, a son of the celebrated Theodor Wachtel, has made his debut as a singer in Berlin.

THOMAS DWIGHT, who succeeds Oliver Wendell Holmes as Professor of Anatomy in the Harvard Medical School, is the grandson of Dr. Warren, Holmes's predecessor.

THE Princess of Wales has roused the indignation of the English miners by the extreme plainness of her hats.

THE Marquis of Lorne will return to England in time to preside at a great dinner at Aberdeen, on St. Andrew's Day.

THE Rev. Robert Laird Collier, D. D., formerly of Boston, has accepted a call to the Free Church in Kentish Town, London.

COLONEL JOHN HAY and Mr. Nicolay, both of whom were private secretaries to Mr. Lincoln, are taking a Summer trip together in Colorado.

IT is announced in Paris that Sarah Bernhardt intends to come to this country in the Autumn to play *Fedora* for one hundred nights. She has given up her two Paris theatres.

PETITO, the Italian actor, who was on the stage of the theatre at Casamarcia when the earthquake broke up the performance, escaped safe and sound and arrived at Naples in the costume of *Pulcinella*.

YUNG WING, the former Chinese Educational Commissioner for New England, has returned to this country, where he expects to remain for some years, and will resume his residence at Hartford, Conn.

CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM D. KELLEY, of Philadelphia, now at Brighton, England, has recovered from the effects of the operation to which he submitted before leaving Philadelphia, and his health is good.

THE Queen intends that the Duke of Connaught shall succeed the Duke of Cambridge as Commander-in-Chief of the British army. The younger Duke will remain in India a year and then be called home to assume a field-marshalship.

D. O. MILLS has presented the State of California with a magnificent piece of statuary representing Columbus at the court of Queen Isabella. The work of art is nine feet high, and cost \$35,000. It will be placed in the rotunda of the capitol in Sacramento at Mr. Mills's expense.

WHILE at the Glen House, N. H., recently, Mr. William H. Vanderbilt gave \$3,000 for a distribution among the thirty young men-students in college, who, during the Summer, serve as waiters at that establishment in order to earn something towards the expenses of their education.

THE Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha will publish his memoirs in November. All the entreaties of his relatives and friends have not been potent enough to deter him from his purpose, although the publication will bring to light many scandals that it had been hoped would never be known.

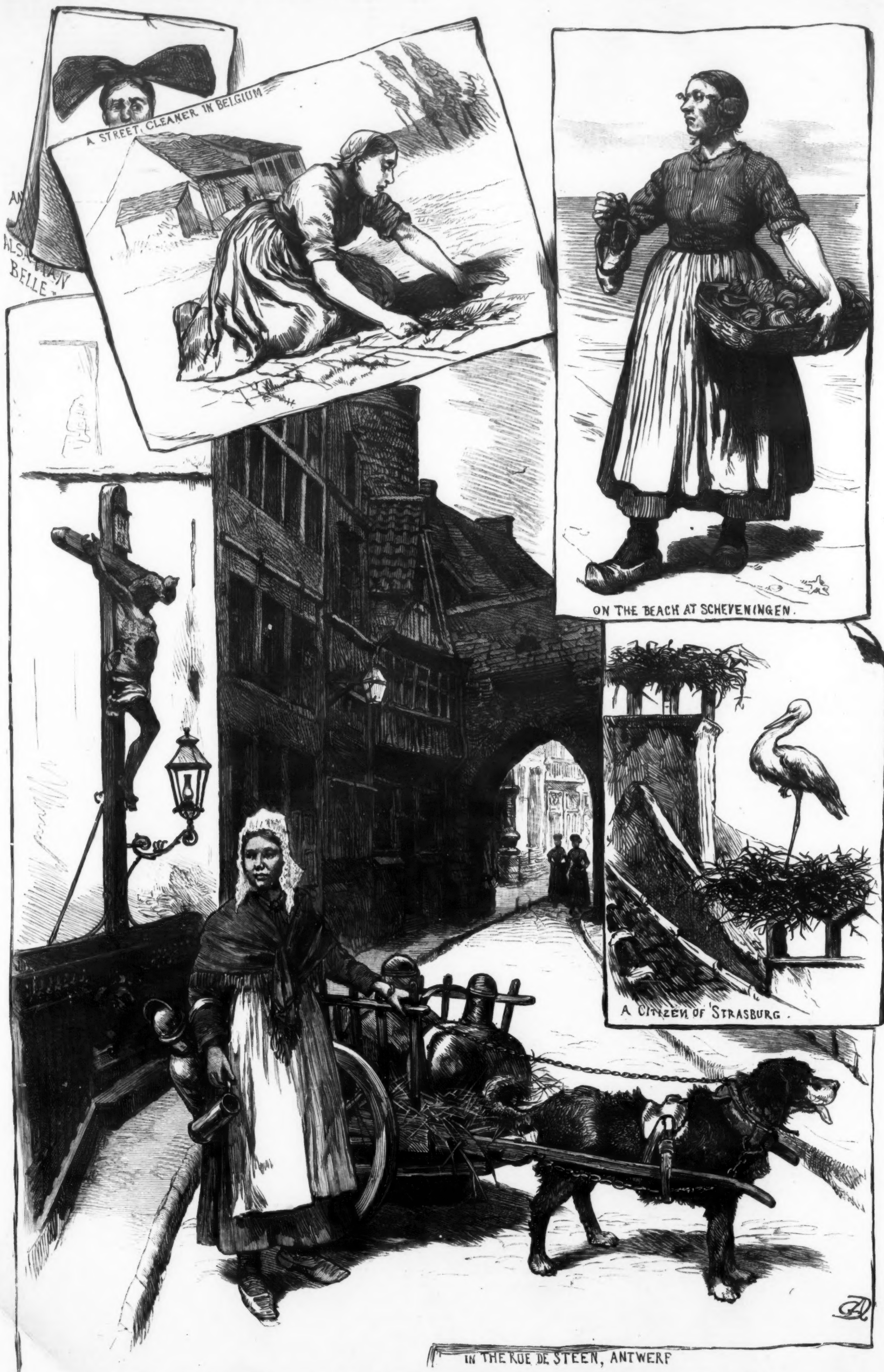
GENERAL MEIGS, who is in charge of the work on the new Pension Office building, was presented with two costly lawn mowers by a firm who have the contract for furnishing the terra cotta used in the building. He shipped them back at the expense of the sender after giving vigorous expression to his views on the subject of bribery.

THE wife of Senator Allison, of Iowa, committed suicide by drowning herself at Dubuque, Iowa, last week, in a fit of insanity caused by nervous malady from which she had long suffered. Mrs. Allison was the niece and adopted daughter of ex-Senator James W. Grimes, of Burlington. She was thirty-five years old, and was married ten years ago to Senator Allison.

CHARLES PIERRE CHOUTEAU, of St. Louis, has given \$10,000 towards the erection of a monument at Springfield in memory of Pierre Menard, the first Lieutenant-governor of Illinois. Mr. Chouteau says of Menard: "Never was there a man more beloved and esteemed," and, indorsing the sentiment, E. B. Washburn adds, that his political life "was without a blemish."

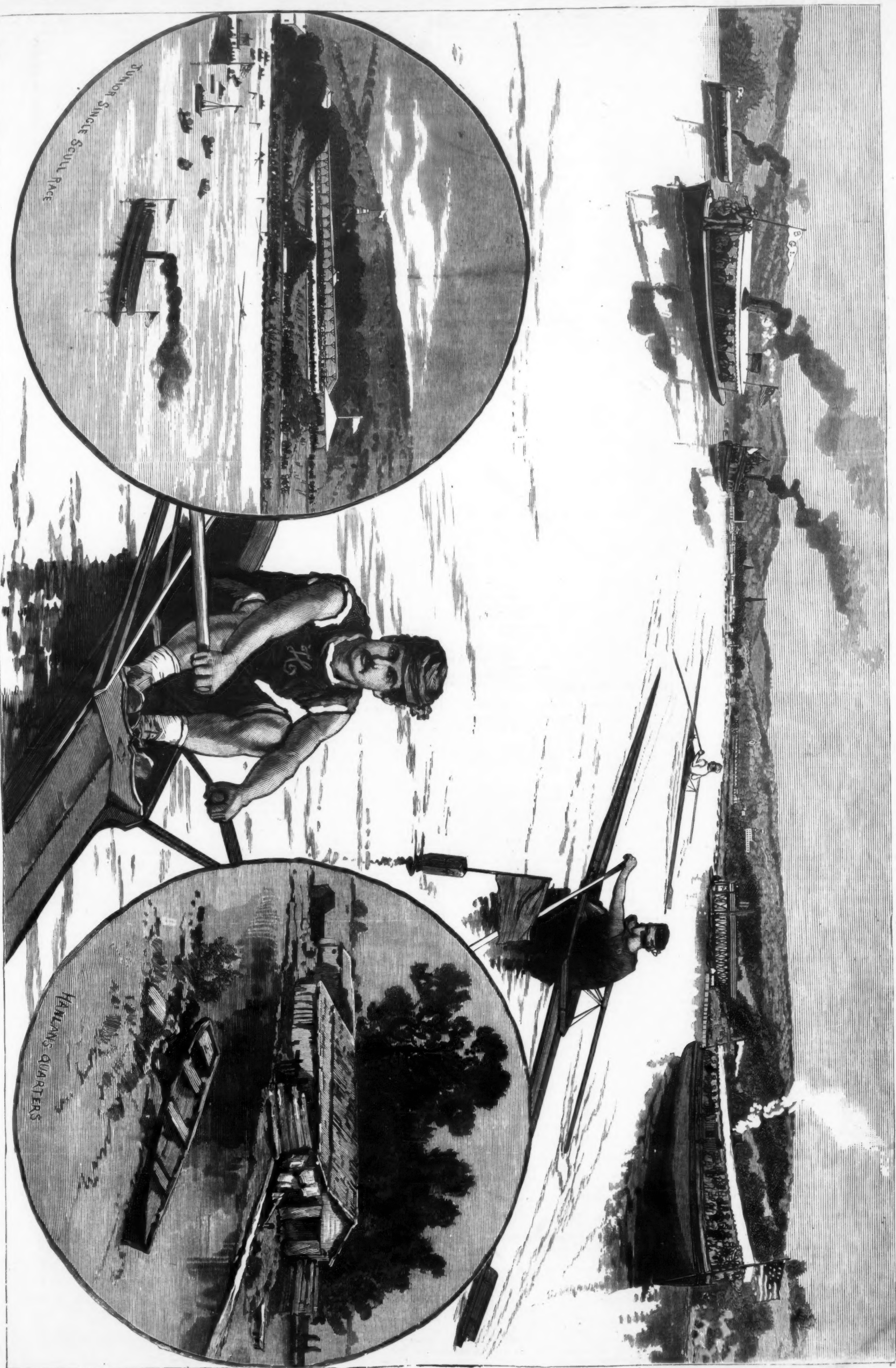
THE late Samuel G. Wyman, merchant, of Baltimore, left a will appointing executors, but making no reference to the distribution of his property. In the envelope that contained the will, however, several slips of paper, in Mr. Wyman's handwriting, were found. One of them contained the names of many relatives, with sums ranging from \$10,000 to \$100,000, opposite the names. The total sum marked on the paper was \$1,000,000. The other slips were similar, except that the amounts indicated were much less. The court has been asked to construe the will.

THE author of "Vice Versa," a story which has become almost as popular as "Alice in Wonderland," is the son of a tailor. English society was at first horrified when this ozed out. It was consoled a little on learning that Mr. Guthrie *père* is, however, an army tailor and rich enough to be a patron of the arts. *Amis* is a *nom de plume*. The author's name is Guthrie. He is only twenty-six, and when portions of "Vice Versa" originally appeared in a Cambridge periodical they excited no attention whatever. When the story was complete he asked it about among the publishers and nobody could be got to take it. Now Mr. Anstey is a flourishing and popular writer, courted, petted, and having no end of offers to add his name to the list of authors who write for Bentley's, and other prominent houses.



A SUMMER HOLIDAY ABROAD.—No. 3: CHARACTER SKETCHES IN BELGIUM, HOLLAND AND GERMANY.

DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS, EXPRESSLY FOR "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER."—SEE PAGE 7.



NEW YORK.—THE REGATTA ON SENECA LAKE, AT WATKINS, AUGUST 15TH.—HANLAN TURNING THE MILE-AND-A-HALF BUOY IN THE PROFESSIONAL RACE.
FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 6.

HAND AND RING.

(Continued.)

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE," "THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES," "THE DEFENSE OF THE BRIDE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK III.

THE SCALES OF JUSTICE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—HICKORY.

"Hickory, dickory, dock!
The mouse ran up the clock!
The clock struck one,
And down he run!
Hickory, dickory, dock!"
—Mother Goose Melodies.

HICKORY'S face was no new one to the court. He had occupied a considerable portion of one day in giving testimony for the prosecution, and his rough manner and hardy face, twinkling, however, at times with an irrepressible humor that redeemed it and him from all charge of ugliness, were well known not only to the jury but to all the habitués of the trial. Yet, when he stepped upon the stand at the summons of Mr. Orcutt, every eye turned towards him with curiosity, so great was the surprise with which his name had been hailed, and so vivid the interest aroused in what a detective devoted to the cause of the prosecution might have to say in the way of supporting the defense.

The first question uttered by Mr. Orcutt served to put them upon the right track.

"Will you tell the court where you have been to-day, Mr. Hickory?"

"Well," replied the witness, in a slow and ruminating tone of voice, as he cast a look at Mr. Ferris, half apologetic and half assuring, "I have been in a good many places."

"You know what I mean," interrupted Mr. Orcutt. "Tell the court where you were between the hours of eleven and a quarter to one," he added, with a quick glance at the paper he held in his hand.

"Oh, then," cried Hickory, suddenly relaxing into his drollest self. "Well, then, I was all along the route from Sibley to Monteith Quarry Station. I don't think I was stationary at any one minute of time, sir."

"In other words—" suggested Mr. Orcutt, severely.

"I was trying to show myself smarter than my betters," blowing with great show of respect to the two experts who sat near. "Or, in other words still, I was trying to make the distance between Mrs. Clemmens's house and the station I have mentioned in time sufficient to upset the defense, sir."

And the look he cast at Mr. Ferris was wholly apologetic now.

"Ah, I understand; and at whose suggestion did you undertake to do this, Mr. Hickory?"

"At the suggestion of a friend of mine, who is also somewhat of a detective."

"And when was this suggestion given?"

"After your speech, sir, yesterday afternoon."

"And where?"

"At the hotel, sir, where I and my friend put up."

"Did not the counsel for the prosecution order you to make this attempt?"

"No, sir."

"Did he not know you were going to make it?"

"No, sir."

"Who did know it?"

"My friend."

"No one else?"

"Well, sir, judging from my present position, I should say there seems to have been some one else," the witness slyly retorted.

The calmness with which Mr. Orcutt carried on this examination suffered a momentary disturbance.

"You know what I mean," he returned.

"Did you tell any one but your friend that you were going to undertake this run?"

"No, sir."

"Mr. Hickory," the lawyer now pursued, "will you tell us why you considered yourself qualified to succeed in an attempt where you had already been told regular experts had failed?"

"Well, sir, I don't know unless you find the solution in the slightly presumptive character of my natural disposition."

"Had you never run before or engaged in athletic sports of any kind?"

"Oh, yes, I have run before."

"And engaged in athletic sports?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Hickory, have you ever run in a race with men of well known reputation for speed?"

"Well, yes, I have."

"Did you ever win in running such a race?"

"Once."

"No more?"

"Well, then, twice."

The dejection with which this last assent came forth roused the mirth of some light-hearted, feather-headed people, but the officers of the court soon put a stop to that.

"Mr. Hickory, will you tell us whether, on account of having twice beaten in a race requiring the qualifications of a professional runner, you considered yourself qualified to judge of the feasibility of any other man's making the distance from Mrs. Clemmens's house to Monteith Quarry Station in ninety minutes by your own ability or non-ability to do so?"

"Yes, sir, I did; but a man's judgment of his own qualifications don't go very far, I've been told."

"I did not ask you for any remarks, Mr. Hickory. This is a serious matter and demands serious treatment. I asked if in undertaking to make this run in ninety minutes you did not presume to judge of the feasibility of the prisoner having made it in that time, and you answered, 'Yes, it was enough.'"

The witness bowed with an air of great innocence.

"Now," resumed the lawyer, "you say you made a run from Mrs. Clemmens's house to Monteith Quarry Station to-day. Before telling us in what time you did it, will you be kind enough to say what route you took?"

"The one, sir, that has been pointed out by the prosecution as that which the prisoner undoubtedly took—the path through the woods and over the bridge to the highway. I knew no other."

"Did you know this?"

"Yes, sir."

"How came you to know it?"

"I had been over it before."

"The whole distance?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Hickory, were you well enough acquainted with it not to be obliged to stop at any point during your journey to see if you were in the right path or taking the most direct road to your destination?"

"Yes, sir."

"And when you got to the river?"

"I turned straight to the right and made for the bridge."

"Did you not pause long enough to see if you could not cross the stream in some way?"

"No, sir. I don't know how to swim in my clothes and keep them dry, and as for my wings, I had unfortunately left them at home."

Mr. Orcutt frowned.

"These attempts at humor," said he, "are very *mal à propos*, Mr. Hickory." Then, with a return to his usual tone: "Did you cross the bridge at a run?"

"Yes, sir."

"And did you keep up your pace when you got to the highroad?"

"No, I did not."

"You did not?"

"No, sir."

"And why, may I ask?"

"I was tired."

"Tired?"

"Yes, sir."

There was a droll demureness in the way that Hickory said this that made Mr. Orcutt pause. But in another minute he went on.

"And what pace do you take when you are tired?"

"A horse's pace when I can get it," was the laughing reply. "A team was going by, sir, and I just jumped up with the driver."

"Ah, you rode then part of the way. Was it a fast team, Mr. Hickory?"

"Well, it wasn't one of Bonner's."

"Did they go faster than a man could run?"

"Yes, sir, I am obliged to say they did."

"And how long did you ride behind them?"

"Till I got in sight of the station."

"Why did you not go further?"

"Because I had been told the prisoner was seen to walk up to the station, and I meant to be fair to him when I knew how."

"Oh, you did; and do you think it was fair to him to steal a ride on the highway?"

"Yes, sir."

"And why?"

"Because no one has ever told me he didn't ride down that highway, at least till he came within sight of the station."

"Mr. Hickory," inquired the lawyer, severely, "are you in possession of any knowledge proving that he did?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Byrd, who had been watching the prisoner breathlessly through all this, saw or thought he saw the faintest shadow of an odd, disdainful smile cross his sternly composed features at this moment. But he could not be sure. There was enough in the possibility, however, to make the detective thoughtful; but Mr. Orcutt proceeding rapidly with his examination, left him no time to formulate his sensations into words.

"So that by taking this wagon you are certain you lost no time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Rather gained some?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Hickory, will you now state whether you put forth your full speed to-day in going from Mrs. Clemmens's house to the Quarry Station?"

"I did not."

"What?"

"I did not put forth anything like my full speed, sir," the witness repeated, with a twinkle in the direction of Byrd that fell just short of being a decided wink.

"And why, may I ask? What restrained you from running as fast as you could? Sympathy for the defense?"

The ironical suggestion conveyed in this last question gave Hickory an excuse for indulging in his peculiar humor.

"No, sir; sympathy for the prosecution. I feared the loss of one of its most humble but valuable assistants. In other words, I was afraid I should break my neck."

"And why should you have any special fears of breaking your neck?"

"The path is very uneven, sir, and the obstructions to quick-going many and dangerous. No man could run for much of the way without endangering his life, or at least his limbs."

"Did you run when you could?"

"Yes, sir."

"And in those places where you could not run, did you proceed as fast as you knew how?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; now I think it is time you told the jury just how many minutes it took you to go from Mrs. Clemmens's door to the Monteith Quarry Station."

"Well, sir, according to my watch, it was one hundred and five minutes."

Mr. Orcutt glanced impressively at the jury.

"One hundred and five minutes," he repeated. He then turned to the witness with his concluding questions.

"Mr. Hickory, were you present in the court room just now when the two experts

whom I have employed to make the run, gave their testimony?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know in what time they made it?"

"I believe I do. I was told by the person whom I informed of my failure that I had gained five minutes upon them."

"And what did you reply?"

"That I hoped I could make something out of them; but that five minutes wasn't much when a clean fifteen was wanted," returned Hickory, with another droll look at the experts and an askance appeal at Byrd, which being translated might read: "How in the deuce could this man have known what I was whispering to you on the other side of the court-room? Is he a wizard, this Orcutt?"

He forgot that a successful lawyer is always more or less of a wizard.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—A LATE DISCOVERY.

"O torture me no more, I will confess."
—King Henry VI.

WITH the cross examination of Hickory, the defense rested, and the day being far advanced, the court adjourned.

During the bustle occasioned by the departure of the prisoner, Mr. Byrd took occasion to glance at the faces of those most immediately concerned in the trial.

His first look naturally fell upon Mr. Orcutt. Ah! all was going well with the great lawyer. Hope, if not triumph, beamed in his eye and breathed in every movement of his alert and nervous form. He was looking across the court-room at Imogene Dare, and his features wore a faint smile that indelibly impressed itself upon Mr. Byrd's memory. Perhaps because there was something really peculiar and remarkable in its expression, and perhaps because of the contrast it offered to his own feelings of secret doubt and dread.

His next look naturally followed that of Mr. Orcutt and rested upon Imogene Dare. Ah! she was under the spell of awakening hope also. It was visible in her lightened brow, her calmer and less studied aspect, her eager and eloquently speaking gaze yet lingering on the door through which the prisoner had departed. As Mr. Byrd marked this look of hers and noted all it revealed, he felt his emotions rise till they almost confounded him. But strong as they were, they deepened still further when, in another moment, he beheld her suddenly drop her eyes from the door and turn them slowly, reluctantly but gratefully, upon Mr. Orcutt. All the story of her life was in that change of look; all the story of her future, too, perhaps, if—Mr. Byrd dared not trust himself to follow the contingency that lurked behind that if, and, to divert his mind, turned his attention to Mr. Ferris.

But he found small comfort there. For the District-attorney was not alone. Hickory stood at his side, and Hickory was whispering in his ear, and Mr. Byrd, who knew what was weighing on his colleague's mind, found no difficulty in interpreting the mingled expression of perplexity and surprise that crossed the dark, aquiline features of the District-attorney as he listened with slightly bended head to what the detective had to say. That look and the deep, anxious frown which crossed his brow as he looked up and encountered Imogene's eye, remained in Mr. Byrd's mind long after the court-room was empty and he had returned to his hotel. It mingled with the smile of strange satisfaction which he had detected on Mr. Orcutt's face, and awakened such a turmoil of contradictory images in his mind that he was glad when Hickory at last came in to break the spell.

Their meeting was singular, and revealed, as by a flash, the difference between the two men. Byrd contented himself with giving Hickory a look and saying nothing, while Hickory bestowed upon Byrd a hearty "Well, old fellow!" and broke out into a loud and by no means unenjoyable laugh.

"You didn't expect to see me mounting the rostrum in favor of the defense, did you?" he asked, after he had indulged himself as long as he saw fit in the display of this somewhat unreasonable mirth. "Well, it was a surprise to myself—so much of a one, indeed, that, like the little old woman in the song, I scarcely knew whether it was I or was not I. Indeed, I was so unacquainted with my own identity I had a passing notion of asking Orcutt to favor me with an introduction, but I pulled up in time on that. Ah!" he suddenly exclaimed, with a ruminative shake of his head, "that Orcutt! that Orcutt! But," he quickly declared, turning towards Byrd with a grim smile worse than his laugh, "I've done it for him now!"

"You have?" repeated Byrd.

"Yes, I have," reiterated the other.

"But the prosecution has closed its case," objected the former.

"Bah! what of that?" was the careless reply. "The District-attorney can get it reopened. No court would refuse that."

Horace surveyed his colleague for a moment in silence.

"So Mr. Ferris was struck with the point you gave him?" he ventured, at last.

"Well, sufficiently so to be uneasy," was Hickory's somewhat dry response.

The look with which Byrd answered him was eloquent.

"And that makes you cheerful?" he inquired, with ill-concealed sarcasm.

"Well, it has a slight tendency that way," drawled the other, seemingly careless of the other's expression, if, indeed, he had noted it.

"You see," he went on, with a meaning wink and a smile of utter unconcern, "all my energies just now are concentrated on getting myself even with that somewhat too wide-awake lawyer." And his smile broadened till it merged into a laugh rasping enough to Byrd's more delicate and generous sensibilities.

Sufficiently so to be uneasy! Yes, that was

it. From the minute Mr. Ferris listened to the suggestion that Miss Dare had not told all that she knew about the murder, and that a question relative to where she had been at the time it was perpetrated would, in all probability, bring strange revelations to light, he had been awakened to a most uncomfortable sense of his position and the duty that was possibly required of him. To be sure, the time for presenting testimony to the court was passed unless it was in the way of rebuttal; but how did he know but what Miss Dare had a fact at her command which would help the prosecution in overturning the strange, unexpected, yet simple theory of the defense? At all events, he felt he ought to know whether, in giving her testimony, she had exhausted her knowledge on this subject, or whether, in her sympathy for the accused, she had kept back certain evidence which if presented might bring the crime more directly home to the prisoner. Accordingly, somewhere towards eight o'clock in the evening, he sought her out with the bold resolution of forcing her to satisfy him on this point.

He did not find his task so easy, however, when he came into direct contact with her stately and far from encouraging presence, and met the look of surprise not unmixed with alarm with which she greeted him. She looked very weary, too, and yet unnaturally excited, as if she had not slept for many nights, if indeed she had rested at all since the trial began. It struck him as cruel to disturb this woman further, and yet the longer he surveyed her, the more he studied her pale, haughty, inscrutable face, he became the more assured that he could never feel satisfied with himself if he did not give her an immediate opportunity to disperse at once and for ever these freshly awakened doubts.

His attitude or possibly his expression must have betrayed something of his anxiety if not of his resolve, for her countenance fell as she watched him, and her voice sounded quite unnatural as she strove to ask to what she was indebted for this unexpected visit.

He did not keep her in suspense.

"Miss Dare," said he, not without kindness, for he was very sorry for this woman, despite the inevitable prejudice which her relations to the accused had awakened, "I would have given much not to have been obliged to disturb you to-night, but my duty would not allow it. There is a question which I have hitherto omitted to ask—"

He paused, shocked; she was swaying from side to side before his eyes, and seemed indeed about to fall. But at the outreaching of his hand she recovered herself and stood erect, the noblest spectacle of a woman triumphing over the weakness of her body by the mere force of her indomitable will, that he had ever beheld.

"Sit down," he gently urged, pushing towards her a chair. "You have had a hard and dreary week of it; you are in need of rest."

She did not refuse to avail herself of the chair, though, as he could not but notice, she did not thereby relax one iota of the restraint she put upon herself.

"I do not understand," she murmured; "what question?"

"Miss Dare, in all you have told the court, in all that you have told me about this fatal and unhappy affair, you have never informed us how it was you first came to hear of it. You were—"

"I heard it on the street corner," she interrupted, with what seemed to him an almost feverish haste.

"First?"

"Yes, first."

"Miss Dare, had you been in the street long? Were you in it at the time the murder happened, do you think?"

"I in the street?"

"Yes," he repeated, conscious from the sudden strange alteration in her look that he had touched upon a point which, to her, was vital with some undefined interest, possibly that to which the surmises of Hickory had supplied a clew. "Were you in the street, or anywhere out of doors, at the time the murder occurred? It strikes me that it would be well for me to know."

"Sir," she replied, rising in her sudden indignation, "I thought the time for questions had passed. What means this sudden inquiry into a matter we have all considered—exhausted, certainly as far as I am concerned?"

"Shall I show you?" he cried, taking her by the hand and leading her towards the mirror near by, under one of those impulses which sometimes effect so much. "Look in there at your own face and you will see why I press this question upon you."

Astonished, if not awed, she followed with her eyes the direction of his pointed finger, and anxiously surveyed her own image in the glass. Then, with a quick movement, her hands went up before her face—which till that moment had kept its counsel so well—and, tottering back against a table, she stood for a moment communing with herself, and perhaps summoning up her courage for the conflict she evidently saw before her.

"What is it you wish to know?" she faintly inquired, after a long period of suspense and doubt.

"Where you were when the clock struck twelve on the day Mrs. Clemmens was murdered?"

Instantly dropping her hands, she turned towards him with a sudden lift of her majestic figure that was imposing as it was unexpected.

"I was at Professor Darling's house," she declared, with great steadiness.

Mr. Ferris had not expected this reply, and looked at her for an instant almost as if he felt inclined to repeat his inquiry.

"Do you doubt my word?" she queried.

"Is it possible you question my truth at a time like this?"

"No, Miss Dare, no," he gravely assured

her. "After the great sacrifice you have publicly made in the interests of justice, it would be worse than presumptuous in me to doubt your sincerity now."

She drew a deep breath, and straightened herself still more proudly.

"Then, am I to understand you are satisfied with the answer you have received?"

"Yes, if you will also add that you were in the observatory at Professor Darlings' house," he responded, quickly, convinced there was some mystery here, and seeing but one way in which to arrive at it.

"Very well, then, I was," she averred, without hesitation.

"You were?" he echoed, advancing upon her with a slight flush on his middle aged cheek, that evinced how difficult it was for him to pursue this conversation in face of the haughty and repellent bearing she had assumed. "You will, perhaps, tell me, then, why you did not see and respond to the girl who came into that room at this very time with a message from a lady who waited below to see you?"

"Ah!" she cried, succumbing with a suppressed moan to the inexorable destiny that pursued her in this man, "you have woven a net for me!"

And she sank again into a chair, where she sat like one stunned, looking at him with a hollow gaze which filled his heart with compassion, but which had no power to shake his purpose as a District attorney.

"Yes," he acknowledged, after a moment, "I have woven a net for you, but only because I am anxious for the truth and desirous of furthering the ends of justice. I am confident you know more about this crime than you have ever revealed, Miss Dare. I feel that you are acquainted with some fact that makes you certain Mr. Mansell committed this murder, notwithstanding the defense advanced in his favor. What is this fact? It is my office to inquire. True," he admitted, seeing her draw back with denial written on every line of her white face, "you have a right to refuse to answer me here, but you will have no right to refuse to answer me to-morrow when I put the same question to you in the presence of the judge and jury."

"And"—her voice was so husky he could but with difficulty distinguish her words—"do you intend to recall me to the stand to-morrow?"

"I am obliged to, Miss Dare."

"But I thought the time for examination was over; that the witnesses had all testified, and that nothing remained now but for the lawyers to sum up."

"When in a case like this the prisoner offers a defense not anticipated by the prosecution, the latter, of course, has the right to meet such defense with proof in rebuttal."

"Proof in rebuttal? What is that?"

"Evidence to rebut or prove false the matters advanced in support of the defense."

"Ah!"

"I must do it in this case—if I can, of course."

She did not reply.

"And even if the testimony I desire to put in is not rebuttal in its character, no unbiased judge would deny to counsel the privilege of reopening his case when any new or important fact has come to light."

As if overwhelmed by a prospect she had not anticipated, she hurriedly arose and pointed down the room to a curtained recess.

"Give me five minutes," she cried; "five minutes by myself where no one can look at me, and where I can think undisturbed upon what I had better do."

"Very well," he acquiesced; "you shall have them."

She at once crossed to the small retreat.

"Five minutes," she reiterated huskily, as she lifted the curtains aside; "when the clock strikes nine I will come out."

"You will?" he repeated, doubtfully.

"I will."

The curtains fell behind her and for five long minutes Mr. Ferris paced the room alone. He was far from easy. All was so quiet behind that curtain, so preternaturally deathly quiet. But he would not disturb her; no, he had promised, and she should be left to fight her battle alone. When nine o'clock struck, however, he started and owned to himself some secret dread. Would she come forth or would he have to seek her in her place of seclusion. It seemed he would have to seek her, for the curtains did not stir and by no sound from within was any token given that she had heard the summons. Yet he hesitated, and as he did so, a thought struck him. Could it be there was any outlet from the refuge she had sought? Had she taken advantage of his consideration to escape him? Moved by the fear, he hastily crossed the room. But before he could lay his hand upon the curtains, they parted and disclosed the form of Inogene.

(To be continued.)

PROBLEMS OF THE TIME.

(Continued from page 3.)

who may prefer that mode of life, those and the farmers around furnishing a market to each other. Whether they would merge, in part or in whole, into co operation with each other, themselves to determine."

To accomplish this "opportunity" for all the people the Government has ample lands at its disposal, and ample funds to loan, not to lose, even a dollar in the transaction. The farms surveyed, and the streets laid out let a loan be made—not of money but of passage out—means to build a house, present subsistence, farming implements, young cattle, etc., amounting in all, on the cheap frontier, to perhaps five or six hundred dollars' worth to each family—just as much and no more than what would set their own energies to do the rest—all to re-

main a lien on the farm and its improvements till paid back at a fixed time—as President Jackson's "surplus revenue" was paid when loaned out on bond and mortgage principally to farmers. Any settler to be at liberty to sell his possession and improvements to any buyer who had no other land, thus to shut the door close and tight against land monopoly.

The plan here outlined was presented to Mr. George, both orally and in writing. He promised, too, to give it his attention, but probably forgot to do so, or he surely would not present it in that shapeless "little piece" form in which he sets it before us.

I accord to Mr. George all to which his brilliant earnestness entitles him, but what do all his consultations lead us to? To the front of a mountain of difficulties which he shows us neither the way to break down or to climb over, whilst he shuts up the level path that leads out to the available homesteads that lie beyond it—possessions which, in their occupation, would secure home and work and progressive plenty, and, in their example, gradually absorb all the unemployed, unresting people who are now snatching an uncertain "hand-to-mouth" subsistence—not unfrequently by crime—in the cities and elsewhere.

In the soil, and under those favorable circumstances, men would realize the position of health and independence that nature intended for them. They would realize the natural wages ordained to reward work—just in proportion to the work and the intelligence brought to bear on it. Under circumstances like these the word would be, "I will, I will \$3 a day from you. A colony of my neighbors is forming to go out and settle a township. If you can afford me the \$3, certain, I'll remain with you. If you can't, all the better for me, as within five or six years I'll have more to the fore for my family than if I staid here and you gave me \$3, \$4, or, perhaps, even \$5 a day."

To accomplish all this, only manly, general resolve is required, but that resolve would have to be both manly and general and intelligent. It would be a sharp physic to the corporations of iron and cotton, and rail and mine, and telegraph, if they should have to pay full wages to their workers, instead of the one third wages they now have to pay them. With the township village manufacturing, as men of intelligence well could do, all or most all that their wants require could be produced. The overgrown factories would droop and eventually die of inanition. I reduce consumed at home would put a drowning flood of water into railroad stocks, which, with three or four dollars a day paid to all their workers, would sicken them to death, or nearly so. Merchant profit-mongers and usurious banks would have steadily lessening business on hand, and for that reason and all the reasons here only indicated all the forces of banks, corporations profit-mongers—all the men who fatten on honest men's toil—would join forces to prevent a single Congressman from arraying himself in this Land Bill on the side of the people. How could we bring a stronger force to bear on the Congressmen—those now elected or to be elected—is the question that must be answered. With a general and manly and intelligent resolve it can be easily answered. It is within our grasp if we only put out a firm hand to seize upon it. The means I will show in another article, if you permit.

Gentlemen, all Mr. George's marchings and countermarchings through your columns bring us at last face to face with a kind of national "lockout" from the land, and leaves us there. Am I unreasonable when I ask your help to organize a strike that will make one work of it—one general final, orderly and peaceful "strike" out upon the land. The path lies before us, and if each "District" takes hold of its Congressman with a good, earnest premonitory squeeze of the hand, he will open to us the path. The bribe that would flow in on him on one side will not weigh a feather against the considerations, the punishments, you can inflict on him, on the other.

THOMAS AINGE DEVYR.

AMERICAN MICROSCOPISTS.

THE recent annual session of the American Society of Microscopists, held in Chicago, was marked not only by discussions of great scientific value, but by an exhibition of microscopic instruments which has never been equaled in this country. This exhibition was arranged by a committee of the Calumet Club, whose new and elegantly-appointed club-house was placed at the disposal of the visitors for the purpose. On the evening of the 9th instant the members of the society were given a reception by the club, which was one of the most brilliant events of the season, and it was on this occasion that the exhibition was formally opened. The large reading-room on the first floor, the card-room on the second floor, and the main dining-hall on the third floor were arranged for the exhibit, and tables were placed in these so that two hundred and fifty instruments could show the powers of the microscope and the wonders of natural history, without at any time having the rooms crowded with the five hundred guests who were present during the evening. These rooms all run the full length of the club-house, and are large enough to accommodate several hundred guests each. Each microscope was arranged with an interesting object illustrating some branch of study under the object glass. At each glass was a card explaining whose was the exhibit, what the glass, and what the object on exhibition. The guests passed around the outside of the tables, and were permitted to examine the objects at will. In a small room off the card-room on the second floor Drs. Danforth and Thomas had an interesting exhibition, showing the circulation of the blood, as illustrated by placing different members of the frog under the glass. This was, perhaps, the most interesting, certainly the most popular, exhibit of the evening, and the room was crowded throughout the whole time. In a large dining-room on the third floor was an interesting exhibit, with two large projection microscopes, the enlarged objects being thrown on screens in the darkened room. We give a sectional view of the exhibit, together with a picture of the Calumet Club House. This club is to Chicago what the Union League Club is to New York, and the club-house compares favorably with that of the latter in the completeness and elegance of its appointments.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

By Evaporating skimmed milk in a vacuum, M. Muller obtains a product which can be kept for many months in a dry atmosphere, and which he thinks will be of considerable value for making pastry and other kinds of food.

A Railway Wagon has been invented in Europe which not only runs upon rails, but, supported on the sides by pontoons, will float upon the water. Before being launched a bow and stern piece are attached, and the motor is placed upon the latter.

An Electric Lamp of two candle power, detached from any wire, and portable, has been produced, and by a two-cell Faure battery it can be kept lighted six hours. The battery weighs only ten pounds, and was charged afresh by placing it in connection with a dynamo.

Articles made of rubber often deteriorate rapidly. Mr. Herbert McLeod has determined experimentally that the change is due to the combined influence of light and oxygen, but that neither of these agents can produce any alteration without the aid of the other.

Mr. K. Henmann, of Zurich, has discovered that when sulphur is heated just sufficiently to combine slowly with the oxygen of the air, but not high enough to enter into this combination with rapidity, it exhibits a very brilliant phosphorescence, far surpassing that of phosphorus.

M. Wolf, of Switzerland, claims to have established the facts that sun-spots have periods of ten, eleven and one eighth and twelve years. The interval between the minimum and maximum outbursts of sun-spots is four and a half years. After 170 years the phenomena occur in the same order.

The Dutch Government is not to give the prize of 20,000 guilders for the discovery of a "Northeast Passage" to the intrepid Swedish explorer, Baron Nordenskjöld. It is refused because the route is rather a scientific than a commercial one, and it was for the discovery of the latter that the reward was offered.

Peat, or black earth, possesses many antiseptic qualities. Filled into bags made of loose gauze, and placed upon wounds, there is little necessity of changing the dressings. The secretions are rapidly absorbed, and the wounds rapidly heal. The bandages holding the bags upon the wound should also be gauze.

A Specimen of preserved milk sealed in 1872 has been recently opened and found to have become brownish in color and very bitter to the taste. The milk sugar was converted into lactose and dextrose. It was found by experiment that by heating to 120° under a pressure of from two to four atmospheres these germs could not be destroyed.

Science is pronouncing against covering the walls of houses with paper. The paper itself gives off deleterious particles, and the paste, by the dampness, undergoes organic decomposition. Ornamental tiles, impermeable cement, and thin galvanized iron are suggested as substitutes. All porous walls absorbing vapor are objectionable.

Canestrini, a French scientist, has cut off the heads of flies, ants, grasshoppers and butterflies, and observed that decapitated insects retain their sensibility for a long time. Flies calmly rubbed their bodies with their legs, and behaved as if nothing unusual had happened. Butterflies continued to fly for eighteen days, and grasshoppers kicked thirteen days after being decapitated.

Facts of Interest.

A Jew who was recently summoned to sit on a coroner's jury in London excused himself on the ground that, being a descendant of the high priest, he was exempt from seeing a dead body. The coroner ruled that the Levitical law was not binding in his court, and fined the Jew forty shillings.

THE whistle of a locomotive is heard 3,300 yards, the noise of a train 2,800 yards, the report of a musket and the bark of a dog 1,800 yards, the roll of a drum 1,600 yards, the croak of a frog 900 yards, and a cricket's chirp 800 yards.

WALDO, FLA., claims to have the largest orange-tree in the world. It was planted sixty years ago, and its dimensions are: Height, 34 feet; spread of branches from tip to tip, 58 feet, and girth one foot above the base of trunk 9 feet and 2 inches. It has borne more than 12,000 oranges in one season.

FROM 250 to 300 cats are destroyed weekly during the warm season in Philadelphia by the agent of the Woman's Branch of the City Refuge for Lost and Suffering Animals. They are not drowned, but suffocated with charcoal gas. Last year no fewer than 7,151 unhappy cats were thus put beyond reach of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

WITHIN an hour's walk from Casino Station, Ariz., there is a chasm 2,000 feet deep. The width varies from 200 feet at the bottom to 1,500 feet at the top. The sides are solid rock, but in layers of perhaps thirty feet in depth, each layer having a projecting or shelving edge extending from six to twenty feet. Under the shelving rock cliff-dwellers, long ago, built their abode.

LAKE GEORGE has had five names. The Indians called it Andia-to-roo-te, or the place where the lake contracts, and Caniderloft, the tail of the lake, until 1646, when Father Jacques and Sieur Bourdon, engineers-in-chief of the Governor's staff, arrived on its borders. It was the eve of the festival of Corpus Christi, and they named it the Lake of the Blessed Sacrament. General Johnson, in 1755, changed this to Lake George, in honor of George II. This it has borne ever since, although Cooper introduced it to his readers in the "Last of the Mohicans" as Lake Horicon, the silvery waters.

THE machinery of an oleomargarine factory was recently sent to a little place above Vancouver, Washington Territory, where it was intended to establish a factory. The residents, however, objected, and one night took the machinery and dumped it into the Columbia River.

Death-roll of the Week.

AUGUST 11TH.—At Boone, Iowa, Isaac J. Mitchell, a well known judge. August 12th.—At Canterbury, N. H., Major George H. Chandler, brother of Secretary Chandler, aged 44; at New Haven, Conn., Elias Pierpont, a well known citizen, aged 81. August 13th.—At Albany, N. Y., Dr. Jacob S. Mosher, ex-Surgeon-general, and a leading physician, aged 49; at Chatsworth, Ont., Rev. James Cameron, one of the most prominent clergymen of the Presbyterian Church in Canada; at Paris, France, Edouard Dubufe, a famous artist, aged 63. August 14th.—At New Bedford, Mass., George Marston, formerly Attorney-general of the State, aged 61; at Warwick, N. Y., Ezra Sandford, one of the oldest citizens, aged 89; at Geneva, Ill., Augustus M. Herrington, ex-United States District attorney; at Ottawa, Ont., James Cockburn, ex-Speaker of the Canadian Parliament. August 16th.—In New York city, Charles H. Wheeler, a well known banker of Philadelphia, aged 50; at Albion, N. Y., Robert Hewitt Brown, a prominent Mason, and formerly judge, aged 53. August 17th.—At Postonskill, N. Y., Albert E. Wooster, ex-District attorney; at Pittsburgh, Pa., Rev. S. J. Wilson, professor in the Western Theological Seminary; at Vienna, Austria, Baron Bernard von Wollersdorf-Urbair, a prominent naval officer of Germany, aged 61.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE life saving stations on the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts will be opened, September 1st.

—THE season's yield of wheat in France will be only four-fifths of the average crop of the last ten years, or about 85,000,000 hectolitres.

—SUITS against street railroad companies in St. Louis for violations of Sunday laws has been dismissed on the ground that their operations are necessary Sunday labor.

—INDIAN COMMISSIONER PRICE has given orders to the Agent in Indian Territory to prevent a prize fight which has been announced to take place at Vinita, in that Territory.

—A GANG of Winnebago Indians employed on the Union Pacific Railroad have proved to be excellent workmen, and in some respects superior to those of any other nationality.

—THE Princess of Wales has succeeded in her crusade against pigeon-shooting, and the Bill making the sport illegal has been read a third time in the House of Commons and passed.

—THE Government has secured a title to the property on which the Washington homestead, in Westmoreland County, Va., was located, and a memorial edifice will be erected thereon.

—THE Republicans of Greene County, Iowa, having nominated H. A. Turner for superintendent of schools, the Democratic Convention has just nominated his wife for the same position.

—It is stated that the chief prelates of the Roman Catholic Church in Europe and America will assemble at the Vatican in November next, the Pope desiring to consult them as to the means of maintaining friendly relations with all the Powers.

—THE other day a Preston (England) butcher, named Murphy, aged thirty-one, laid a bet that he would swim across Stone Delf, a very deep and dangerous part of the river Ribble at Preston, where a small whirlpool exists in high water. The man entered the water and swam eight yards, when he sank and was drowned.

—THE State Library building at Albany, which, with its fixtures, cost about \$71,000 in 1853, has just been sold for \$800. It has to come down at once, because it stands in front of the new \$15,000,000 Capitol. The old Capitol, which has cut such a figure in New York politics and legislation, is already nearly demolished and scattered.

—BARNUM says that he lost \$130,000 in his vain attempt to bring two Siamese white elephants to this country. His agent bought the beasts through the connivance of a priest, and after the King had indignantly refused to sanction such a sacrilegious sale, but they died on being taken aboard a ship, and the old showman believes that they were poisoned.

—Two Polish blacksmiths fought a duel recently near Kalish, in which the weapons were heavy hammers. The vanquished man's skull was crushed in. About the same time two men in the Crimea fought by butting each other's head. After many furious encounters one went down, and craved by pain and disgrace, cut his own throat. Both of these quarrels began in a dispute concerning swineherds.

—ENGLISH doctors who have had experience in India in cholera epidemics, report that the disease now prevailing in Egypt is of a distinctly different character from the Asiatic cholera. The German Government will send a scientific expedition to Egypt to examine into the origin, nature and cause of the cholera now prevailing there, and to ascertain the best measures to prevent the spread of the disease.

—THE wood pavement is to be given up in London. It has not only failed to realize the promised advantages, but it has led, according to Professor Tyndall's report, to serious affections of the eyes and lungs. By continual watering, the wood became saturated with the nastiness of the London streets, and then, under the influence of the hot sun, gave forth a species of dust which was pernicious. The old macadam system is to be restored.

—AS SHOWING the extent of leprosy in the Hawaiian Islands, it is officially stated that the number of lepers admitted to the Hawaiian Asylum between the years 1865 and 1879 was 1,827. It is believed that these figures do not represent all the cases, and that in the more unsettled parts of the islands the disease exists to a great extent. In towns where the natives have the benefit of the example of American and European settlers the disease is decreasing.

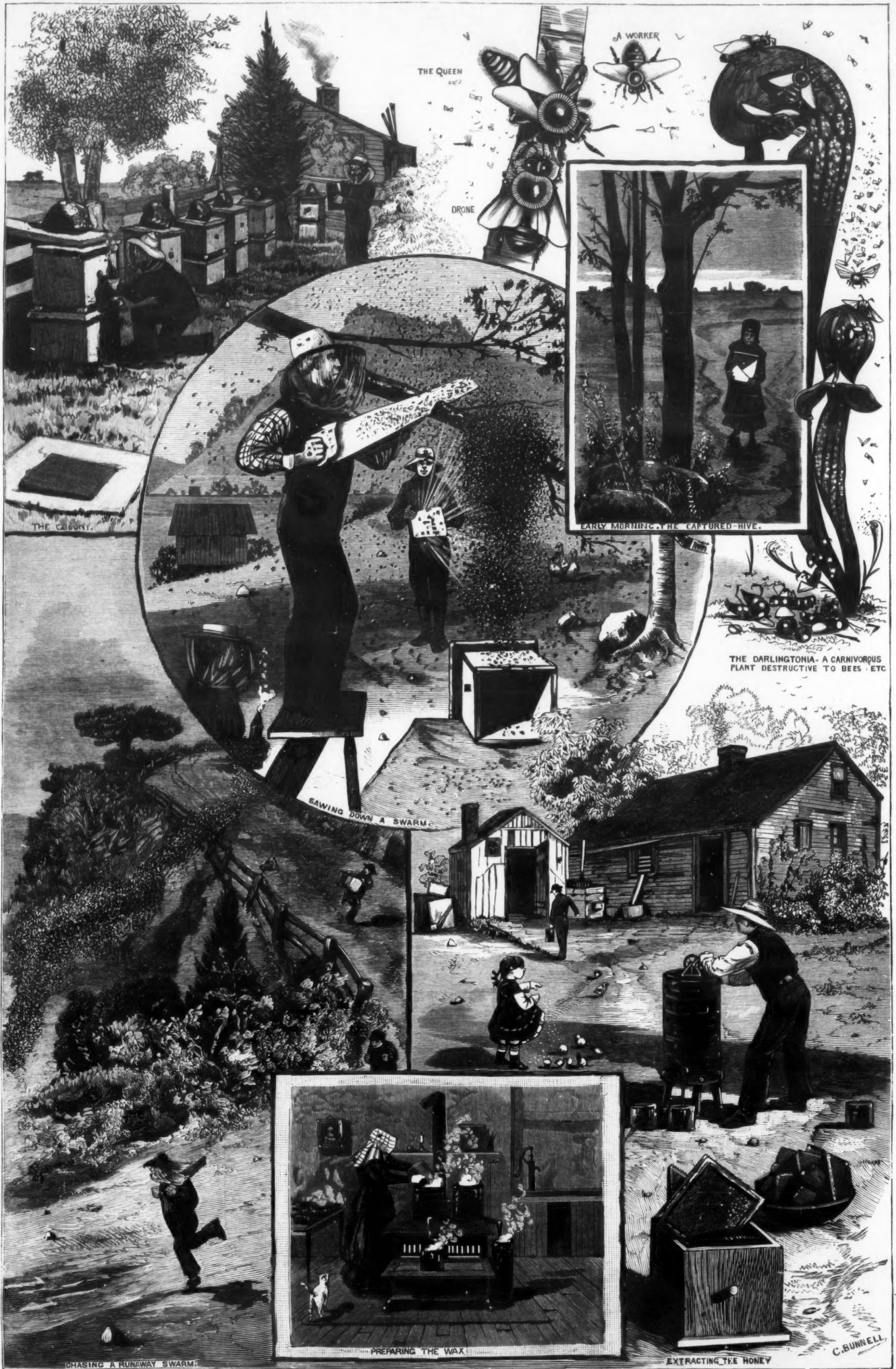
—THE centennial anniversary of the incorporation of the City of Charleston, S. C., was celebrated on the 13th instant. Mayor Courtney delivered the centennial address, and an ode written for the occasion by Paul Hayne was read. A marble bust of Robert S. Hayne, executed by Valentine, the Virginia sculptor, at the order of the City Government, was unveiled. Mayor Courtney presented to the city a marble bust, in the classic style and of heroic size, of the late James I. Pettigru.

—AN official of the United States Treasury Department states that during the last ten years over \$6,000,000 worth of opium has been smuggled into ports at San Francisco. The business has been systematically carried on by a ring of smugglers, assisted by prominent Government officials, who have been receiving thirty per cent of the spoils, the smugglers getting seventy per cent, and that in addition to their thirty per cent the officials have received bribes varying from \$20 to \$5,000.

—THE village of Vineyard Haven, Mass., was almost entirely swept away by fire on the night of the 11th instant. Over fifty acres were burned, causing an aggregate loss of about \$200,000. All the hotels, stores and public buildings were burned, with about fifty other buildings, including several small manufacturing establishments. Nearly one hundred families were rendered homeless and many almost penniless, and with nothing except what they chanced to have on their backs they were driven out into the night by the flames.

—EXCITEMENT has been created among the Chinese in San Francisco by the decision of the special court of the S. X. Companies that women cannot be held in slavery in this country. The case was that of a pretty Chinese girl in a reputable house who was married by a respectable Chinaman and taken to his house. An old hag, who imported the girl, tried to recover her chattel, claiming that the girl still owed her for her purchase in China and passage-money to this country. The court held that the girl was free to follow her own inclinations.

—THE citizens of Le Puy, France, are engaged in completing arrangements to erect, on the 6th of September, a statue in memory of General Lafayette. Invitations to attend the ceremonies have been accepted by many of the distinguished men of France, and the Government will be represented by the Minister of War, General Thiebaut, and by the Minister of the Interior, Waldeck-Rousseau. The American Minister, Mr. Morton, will be present to take part in the inaugural services, officially expressing the sympathy of the United States in this tribute.



CONNECTICUT.—BEE-CULTURE AT BROOKFIELD.—FROM SKETCHES BY C. BUNNELL.—SEE PAGE 6.

**JAMES McDERMOTT,
COMMITTED IN LONDON FOR CONSPIRACY.**

JAMES McDERMOTT is the latest Irishman to come into notoriety in connection with the conspiracy charges. McDermott is a young man with some capacity for newspaper work, but of Bohemian tastes, who has been connected in past years with sundry journals



JAMES McDERMOTT, ARRESTED IN LONDON, CHARGED WITH CONSPIRACY TO MURDER PUBLIC OFFICIALS.
PHOTO. BY VAN HOUTEN, BROOKLYN.

in this vicinity. He has always been loud-voiced in his advocacy of the cause of Ireland, and was a member of the old Fenian organization. Some months ago he went to Ireland with a letter of introduction from O'Donovan Rossa, and, it is now charged, turned traitor to his countrymen. By means of his credentials, it is alleged, he got into the confidence of the Cork conspirators, arranged to have Deasy sent to Liverpool with a box of nitro-glycerine, and to have him arrested on his arrival, and provided him with a letter, to which Featherstone's name was signed, and which led to the conviction of Featherstone, Herlihy and Fianagan. It is further claimed that McDermott's courage failed him after he had given the police information, and that, being afraid to come forward and substantiate it, he escaped to France, and from that country got back to America. Soon after his arrival in New York last month he was fired at in a liquor saloon, by order, it is said, of a secret organization in this city akin to the Irish Invincibles. He then disappeared, and two weeks later the cable announced his arrest on his arrival at Liverpool, on the charge of being engaged in a conspiracy to murder officials.

Evidence was given last week that he had been seen with Dalton, one of the convicted conspirators, examining various public buildings, and he has been remanded for

further examination. His case is watched with great interest by Irishmen in this country, who are generally convinced that he is an informer.

**JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE,
THE LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.**

LORD COLERIDGE, who occupies the second highest judicial rank on the English Bench, visits America as the guest of the American Bar. His family name is familiar to all English-speaking races, from the poems and writings bequeathed to us from his uncle, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and it is besides a name highly honored in England from its association with the religious and legal history of the last century. The grandfather of the Lord Chief-Justice was an eccentric but kindly parson of the old type, who kept a school, lectured his flock and made himself conspicuous by his absent-mindedness. Many anecdotes of his little "forgets" are still told in his Devonshire circle. Sir John Taylor Coleridge, the present Lord Chief-Justice's father, was one of the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench from 1835 to 1858, when he retired full of honors to spend nearly twenty more years of his life in watching his son's rise to an eminence greater than his own.

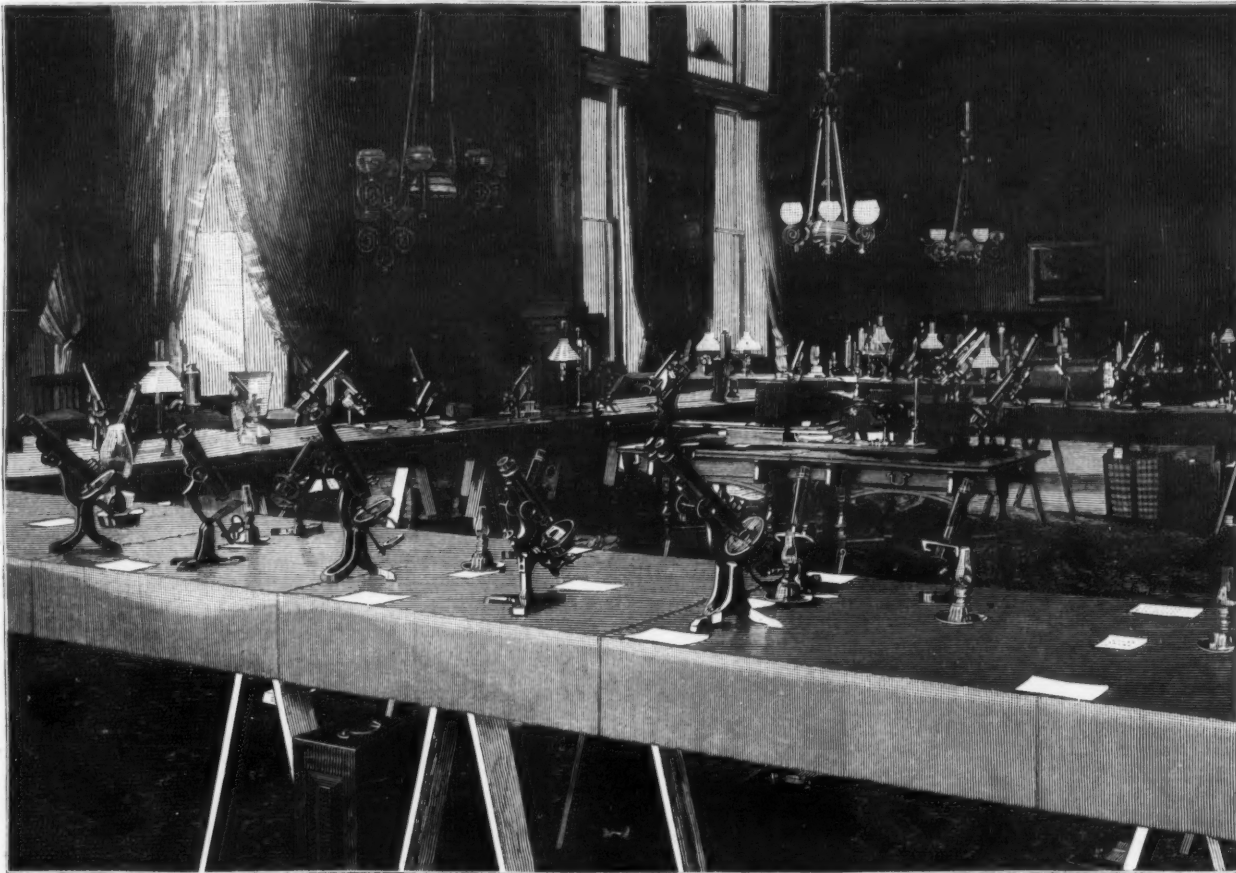
It is, perhaps, owing greatly to the father's influence, and to the position which he was always in to give his son the very best training, that Lord Coleridge's career presents one brilliant series of successes at school, at the University, at the Bar, and on the Bench. The fortune of John Duke Coleridge was assured from his cradle. Born in 1821, he in due time was sent to Eton, and there educated, chiefly by his uncle, the Rev. Edward Coleridge; he passed thence to the Oxford University, gaining a scholarship at Balliol College, a Fellowship of Exeter College, and graduated as Master of Arts in 1846. The same year he was called to the Bar, and entered upon his professional career with the goodwill of his *confirres* as the son of a respected and popular judge. Joining the Western Circuit, he rose rapidly into fame as an advocate, of great forensic powers, and of an eloquence far above the range usually met with at the Bar. Nine years were spent in this training, though, perhaps, it is not the happiest period of his life, as he confesses he felt great repugnance at times in advocating injustice and defending guilt. A judge's duties are much more congenial to him, and he was, therefore, glad of his promotion to the Recordship of Portsmouth in 1855. In 1861 he received the rank of Queen's Counsel, and was nominated a Bencher of the Middle Temple. In 1865 he was successful in contesting Exeter, the capital of his native county, and upon the formation of Mr. Gladstone's Government of 1868 he was made Solicitor-general, one of the chief law advisers of the Crown, and knighted in the usual course. Three years later, upon the appointment of Sir Robert Collier to a judgeship in the judicial department of the Privy Council, Sir J. D. Coleridge succeeded him as Attorney-general.

It was during his Attorney-generalship that his name



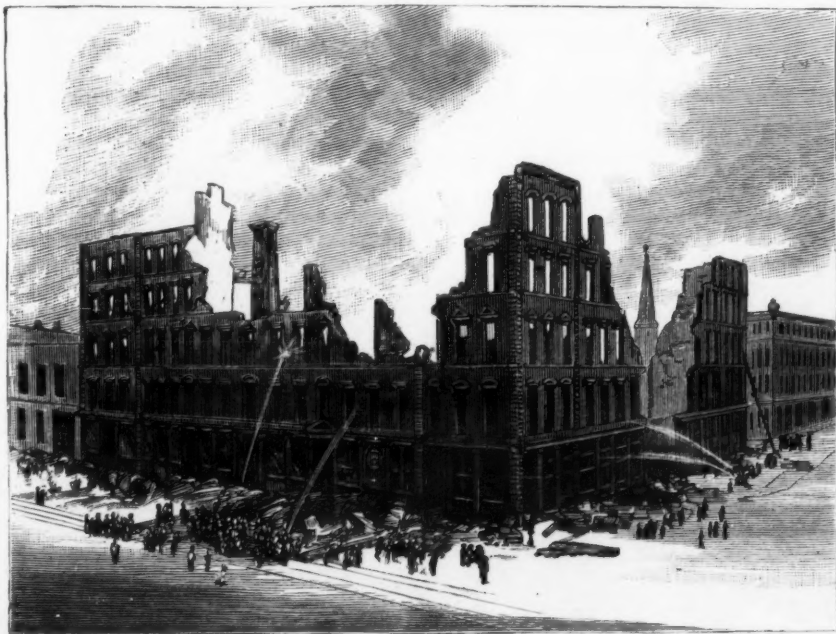
THE RIGHT HON. JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE, LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

PHOTO. BY THE LONDON PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.



ILLINOIS.—THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF MICROSCOPISTS AT CHICAGO.—EXHIBITION OF MICROSCOPES AT THE CALUMET CLUB BUILDING.—FROM A PHOTO. BY WM. SHAW.—SEE PAGE 11.

became familiar to the whole reading public of England in association with the celebrated Tichborne trial. It was Sir John Coleridge's duty to cross-examine the prisoner Castro—a duty which he was particularly competent to undertake. Point by point he probed deep into the prisoner's claim, usually with the preface "Would you be surprised to learn?" enunciated in a quiet, humorous manner; and point by point he elicited replies which showed the preposterousness of the prisoner's claim to the Tichborne estates. This is, perhaps, the best known of the trials with which Lord Coleridge's name is associated. Another trial, somewhat earlier in date, in which Sir John Coleridge was counsel for the defense, and which caused no small commotion in England, was the case of Saurin (a nun) vs. Starr. It involved the discussion of the whole discipline of the Roman Catholic Church, and created a powerful demonstration of public opinion at the time. Sir John Coleridge's name is also prominent in several breach of promise of marriage cases, notably one in 1865, brought by a middle-aged spinster against a paralytic old major, and his speech as counsel for the defendant upon the occasion is considered one of his most polished and graceful ones, in spite of the fact that he had to make a very marked attack upon the conduct of the plaintiff. The oratorical powers possessed by the Lord



GEORGIA.—RUINS OF THE KIMBALL HOUSE, ATLANTA, DESTROYED BY FIRE AUG. 12TH.
FROM A SKETCH BY MOSER.—SEE PAGE 6.



ILLINOIS.—THE CALUMET CLUB HOUSE, CHICAGO.
FROM A PHOTO. BY WM. SHAW.

Chief Justice, cultivated as they have been in every possible way, are indeed some of his foremost characteristics. As a debater at the "Union Debating Society," Oxford, he was never surpassed, and throughout his career at the Bar and on the Bench his eloquence and classic style have always been the subject of comment. As Solicitor-general he made, in the House of Commons, a great speech on the Irish Church Establishment question, and it was considered of so much importance that the Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control afterwards reprinted it. Lord Coleridge is a man deeply, but not ostentatiously, religious, and his arguments in favor of the State dealing with the political surroundings and with the temporal accidents of the Church, in contradistinction to the doctrine, the discipline, the inner life and divine character of the Church, were of much weight and importance. His parliamentary career was, however, but short, and it was difficult at the time when he resigned his seat, on his promotion to the Bench, to say whether he had succeeded better in law or in politics. The year 1873 at once closed his political and commenced his judicial career.

Early in the year he was honored by the first offer of the Mastership of the Rolls, in spite of the fact that he was a member of the Common Law Bar. But as he was making a magnificent income as Attorney-general, and as his future ascent to the Bench was assured, Lord Coleridge, after mature deliberation, decided to decline the appointment. He was in no hurry to relinquish his political duties and retire from the work in which he was engaged; but later in the year no alternative remained. Sir William Bovill, the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, died suddenly in the very prime of his powers, and both by traditional right and prescription Sir John Coleridge was the proper man to succeed. He could not if he would decline the honor thus thrust upon him, for public opinion, the Bar and the Bench, were unanimous in declaring his fitness for the post. Thus, in November, 1873, Sir John Coleridge was installed as Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and the next year was raised to the peerage of the United Kingdom. Circumstances rendered his elevation peculiar, indeed almost unparalleled in the history of the profession, for never before had a father seen his own honors transcended on the Bench by those of his son. Yet the venerable Sir John Taylor Coleridge lived three years after his son's promotion to the eminent position of Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and only died in 1876 at the good old age of eighty-six. We may call to mind that Sir Thomas More was Chancellor while his son was a judge, but this is the only instance at all like it in the history of the English Bar.

Strangely enough, through the operation of a measure which, as Solicitor-general, Sir John Coleridge mainly assisted in passing, his name will be the last on the lengthy list of English Lord Chief Justices of the Common Pleas. For, in 1880, upon the deaths of Sir Fitzroy Kelly, the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and of Lord Cockburn—the Lord Chief Justices of England—the provisions of the Act known as the Judicature Act of 1870 were, for the first time, put into operation. By this Act, which in reality amounted to a reconstruction of the whole English judicial system, the offices of the Lord Chief Justice of Common Pleas and Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer were merged into the one great title of Lord Chief Justice of England, and by the elevation of Lord Coleridge to the dignity, vacant by the death of Lord Cockburn, the new provisions were put into action. The unanimity of opinion with which Lord Coleridge's new elevation was received by the press, the public and his brother-professionals, showed in every direction the popularity of the Lord Chief Justice. It is not surprising to find this feeling when, in an age in which English judges are not necessarily lawyers and rarely jurists, Lord Coleridge was, like Blackstone in his time, a rare exception to the rule. Besides being a profound lawyer and jurist, whose opinions are much sought after and valued, he is also a scholar and a gentleman—the very type of man for a Lord Chief Justice. His high birth, his good connections, his wide and varied scholarships, his large cultivation, and his great social gifts, add a distinguishing individual characteristic to all he does.

As a judge, Lord Coleridge has not yet had to decide upon any very momentous cases—they have been generally more notorious than demanding the display of great legal abilities; but he is everywhere acknowledged one of the most just and most impartial judges that has ever sat on the English judicial bench. Though such a religious man himself, he recently, in the great Freeholder prosecution, pronounced the strongest condemnation of the continuation of prosecutions for blasphemy. Unfortunately, impartial as his judgments are, they do not always give satisfaction outside the circle of educated public opinion, and it is rumored that his sentence on the dynamite conspirators, some few months ago, has earned him anything but thanks amongst their revolutionary sympathizers, both in England and across the Atlantic. This is only the fate of every public man, and the most conscientious in the discharge of their duties can never escape making enemies somewhere. Lord Coleridge's advice to others to go on "unbending, unrelenting," in the path of what we know or believe to be equity and uprightness is carried out in his own dealings with his fellow men, and no one has ever yet dared to assume that his integrity can be tampered with. Just or erroneous, his judgments are received with respect, in the firm belief that he never yet betrayed a friend or trucked to an enemy.

Neither are Lord Coleridge's sympathies or his learning confined entirely to his craft. He is ever interested in what is passing in the world of science, of letters, of art; and, upon great occasions, evinces this interest by his public appearance and kindly speeches at a banquet or entertainment of any special kind. His recent speech at the Irving banquet is still fresh in the minds of all, and the ease and rapidity with which he reviewed the acts of the actors of the past and to-day, and of the dramatists whose text they expound, proved that his knowledge of the historic art is as fresh and clear as the most knotty points of an important trial. Unlike the proverbial Englishman, Lord Coleridge does not take his pleasures sadly, and his geniality, and the interest he takes in whatever is going forward at the moment, make him everywhere a welcome guest and a popular companion.

E. M. BEAL.

FUN.

A NEW color is known by the poetical name of "bleached mouse." We venture that it is a sort of rat-tan color.

STATISTICS show that 100,000 people are killed by whiskey where one person is killed by a mad dog. Moral—Don't be afraid of a mad dog.

A NEW YORK editor, who a few days ago wrote and printed an exhaustive article on "How to Keep Cool," was prostrated by the heat two hours later, while on his way home. Perhaps he neglected to read the article.

"STATIRA JANE," said a fond mother the other morning to her daughter, "did Daniel Johnson kiss you on the steps last night?" "No, mamma, he did not." "If the fond parent had said mouth instead of steps it would have troubled Jane to reply.

"Ah, Sam! So you've been in trouble, eh?" "Yes, Jem; yes." "Well, cheer up, man; adversity tries us, and shows up our better qualities." "Ah! but adversity didn't try me; it was the judge, and he showed up my worst qualities."

"Did you see that big meteoric display last night?" asked Gas de Smith of Gilhooley. "When did it come off?" "About nine o'clock. Didn't you see it?" "No, of course I didn't. I live out in the suburbs, and never get a chance to see anything that is going on after dark in the business portion of the city."

ABOUT ADVERTISING. SOME SENSIBLE AND PRACTICAL IDEAS [From the Advertising Hand-Book, JOHN F. PHILLIPS & Co.]

ANY amount of writing has been done, opinions and ideas expressed, theories advanced, etc., on the subject of advertising; but, after all, so far as we can see, the general principles remain about the same as they were a score of years ago. These principles have been expressed so often by advertising agents and the newspapers generally, that it would seem useless to say anything about them; still, as each year brings new and inexperienced advertisers in the field, and a book of this nature would appear incomplete without some reference to the matter, we make an attempt to briefly express our ideas on the subject, and will say here that they have this merit—we firmly believe in them ourselves.

There are three particular and important points for all advertisers to carefully consider. First, in writing an advertisement use plain English, and express yourself in strong, unmistakable terms, which can be understood by everybody; second, display your advertisement with a view of its attracting the attention of the greatest possible number of readers; and third, get the greatest possible circulation for the least possible amount of money.

Any article at a fair price, no matter what, if it possesses merit, and is useful to the masses, can be made a success by the liberal and judicious use of newspapers in advertising. When we make this statement we take it for granted that advertisements are to be well expressed, displayed, etc., and business to be run on systematic and thorough principles. These facts are fully demonstrated by scores of successful business houses in this and other cities who started with little or no money, and who are to-day representative firms in their lines. In short, most anything that is well advertised will go, notwithstanding the fact that thousands have made and are now making their fortunes. The country is big and there is still lots of room for all. When you start in a business where everything depends upon advertising, just settle down to the fact that it takes time to accomplish anything, and don't get the idea that you can at once take place with those who have ten years the start of you. Give yourself plenty of time, and play to win in everything you do. No man who started right and stuck to it ever yet failed to score a success.

Stick to the legitimate newspapers until your success is assured.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE FOR OVERWORKED PROFESSIONAL MEN.

DR. CHAS. T. MITCHELL, Canandaigua, N.Y., says: "I think it a grand restorer of brain force or nervous energy."

SKINNY men. "WELLS' HEALTH REGENERATOR" restores health and vigor; cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, etc.

BURNETT'S COCAINE
HAS RECEIVED UNIVERSAL INDORSEMENT.
No other preparation possesses such remarkable properties for embellishing and strengthening the hair and rendering it dark and glossy. It cures baldness and eradicates dandruff.
BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are the best.

To use Cotton instead of Flax in making Macramé Lace is to use Tinsel for Gold.

SYMPER & Co., at Nos. 739 and 741 Broadway, are now offering for home adornment rare old Tapestries, Marbles, Bronzes, Sevres, Dresden, Berlin, and Oriental Porcelain, gems of cabinet-work, and a large line of Silverware, suitable for wedding and other gifts.

LIME JUICE and PEPIN has fully established its claim as the best aid to digestion. CASWELL, MASEY & Co., 1,121 Broadway and 578 5th ave.

WELLS' "ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

THE AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY transfer money by telegraph between any of its 4,000 agencies in New England, Middle and Western States, making delivery of same at local address when requested.

Do not forget to add to your Lemonade or Soda ten drops of ANGOSTURA BITTERS. It imparts a delicious flavor and prevents all Summer Diseases. Be sure to get the genuine ANGOSTURA, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

OVER thirty-six years of uninterrupted success has been the history of DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN LINIMENT. This excellent remedy was the result of much study and experience, and was originally undertaken to cure a case of rheumatism with which the doctor had been afflicted. He made use of all the standard remedies of the day, but without avail. At last the doctor gave the subject of remedies serious attention. The result was the perfecting of the VENETIAN LINIMENT. The medicine has worked when all other remedies had failed, and has speedily cured. It is highly recommended by the proprietor for cramps, colic, sprains, rheumatism, spasms, diarrhea and dysentery and many other complaints. It is used both outwardly and inwardly, according to the nature of the disease, and in all cases with perfect safety. The LINIMENT is put up in two sizes and sold by all druggists at the reasonable price of 25 and 50 cents per bottle. Wholesale depot for the sale of Dr. Tobias's remedies, 42 Murray Street, New York.—Cincinnati Star.

The shoddy Macramé Lace is made of Cotton; the real is made of Flax.

"I CAN not only recall each panoramic view that I saw, but I can have my friends share with me, for I carried with me a Tourist Camera. How fortunate it was that I learned, through a perusal of the book given away by the SCOVILL MFG Co., of New York, how easily finished pictures could be made; and that I procured one of their reliable outfits." Established in 1862, and having a reputation at stake as makers of photographic apparatus, the guarantee which the SCOVILL COMPANY give may be depended upon.

STINGING Irritation, Inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "BUCHU-PAIBA." \$1.

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15 DOZEN IRISH POINT COLLARS, 25c. EACH; REDUCED FROM 50c.
15 DOZEN IRISH POINT COLLARS, 40c. EACH; REDUCED FROM 65c.
15 DOZEN IRISH POINT COLLARS, 50c. EACH; REDUCED FROM 80c.
10 DOZEN IRISH POINT COLLARS, 65c. EACH; REDUCED FROM \$1.
10 DOZEN IRISH POINT COLLARS, 85c. EACH; REDUCED FROM \$1.35.
5 DOZEN IRISH POINT COLLARS, \$1 EACH; REDUCED FROM \$1.50.

Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs.

300 dozen, all pure Linen, full size, excellent quality, hemstitched, with illuminated borders, in various fast colors, at 13 1-2c. each; just reduced from 25c. An exceptional bargain.

Ladies' Summer Gloves & Mitts.

75 DOZEN LONG BLACK SILK LACE MITTS, 50c., AND \$1 PER PAIR; REDUCED FROM \$3 AND \$4.50.
100 DOZEN FINE FRENCH SILK LACE MITTS, ORDINARY LENGTHS, IN BLACK, AT 25c. AND 50c. PER PAIR.
125 DOZEN (A SPECIAL BARGAIN) LONG, COLORED AND WHITE, 25c. PER PAIR.
75 DOZEN FINE ENGLISH SILK GLOVES, 3 BUTTONS, (GOOD LENGTH), 25c. PER PAIR.
50 DOZEN FINE ENGLISH SILK GLOVES, 3 BUTTONS, (GOOD LENGTH), 35c. PER PAIR.
50 DOZEN FINE ENGLISH SILK GLOVES, 4 BUTTONS, (GOOD LENGTH), 50c. PER PAIR.
200 DOZEN FINE QUALITY LISLE, 3 AND 4 BUTTONS, TWO PAIRS FOR 25c.
125 DOZEN JERSEY LISLE, (A SPECIAL LOT), 25c. AND 30c. PER PAIR.
75 DOZEN LONG JERSEY LISLE, 25c., 30c., AND 50c. PER PAIR, REDUCED FROM 65c., 75c., AND \$1.25.

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50 PIECES LINEN LAWN AT 12 1-2c. TO 30c. PER YARD; REDUCED FROM 45c. AND 45c.
60 PIECES STRIPED PIQUE 12 1-2c. PER YARD; REDUCED FROM 25c.
25 PIECES CHECKED AND APRON NAINSOOKS, 15c. PER YARD; REDUCED FROM 25c.
50 PIECES DOTTED AND FIGURED SWISS, 18c. TO 50c. PER YARD; REDUCED FROM 30c. AND 65c.

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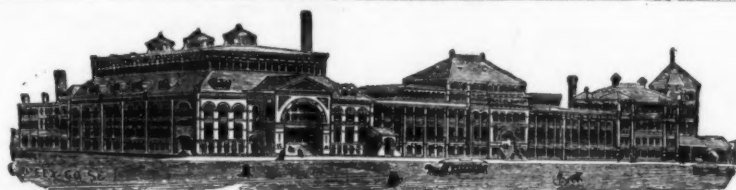
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